

EDINBURGH:

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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Lately published,
By the same Author,
LONDON; or, A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.
The Third Edition, 3 vols. 21s.

EDINBURGH:

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LONDON; OR, A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.

——— le seul honneur solide
C'est de prendre toujours la vérité pour guide.
SATIRES DE BOILEAU.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1820.

B. Clarke, Printer, Well Street, London.

EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at Gretna Green.—Description thereof.—Three Matches there.—General Reflections thereon.—A sudden Disaster.—Miss S—— is taken up on a Criminal Warrant.—Generous Conduct of Lord Stone.—Description of two Bailiffs.—Return to Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

Quel sort plus heureux que cel de deux amans,
Unis par le goût et par les sentimens?

L'ABBE COLARDEAU.

THE anxious couple arrived at last at Gretna Green ; and as the prospects of many a young lady, at this moment working her sampler, and adding to it two red hearts (bleeding no doubt), with some association in her mind, have no small reference to it, it is highly proper to describe this spot with some degree of minuteness. The fatigued

couple, whose conversation is by this time exhausted, and who wish for something more novel and substantial than sly looks, arch leers, stolen kisses, squeezed hands, lolling, blushing, and leaning upon shoulders, must be wearied and heated, without a relief to the eye, or to the mind, in passing the dreary dun bog, called Solway Moss, wide, tiresome, extensive, and insupportable for its sameness, till relief is afforded both to the traveller and to the lover by a sudden appearance of Gretna Green.

The first object which breaks on the eye is a small portion of an irregular village, emerging from the foliage of tufted groves in a most inviting manner, whilst it is for the most part enveloped

in deep shades, just as a Spanish fair
one glances love's darts through an al-
most impenetrable veil, and increases
the attraction by the partial concealment
of her beauty ; or like the consummate
flirt Galatea, described by the Latin
poet, and who

—— fugit ad salices
Sed se cupit *ante* videri.

There is something certainly very
bewitching in the first *coup d'œil* which
the impatient lovers get of this Paphian
retreat, and which is highly calculated
to flatter the romantic imaginations of
love-sick couples, posting to the goal of
bliss. Here perchance monsieur l'amant
may chaunt

“Will you go to the bower I have shaded for
you?”

and miss, whose mind has been prepared by the soft language of Moore, (whose melodies and other amatory productions sink deeply into the soil of romantic youth and of early beauty, and serve as most powerful culture for love's fruits and flowers) will here either titter, or will blush the deepest crimson hue: the cause and the effect, the motive and sensation, we leave to the sapient reader to discern.

The advanced position of these inviting habitations is like the introductory matter of a love-scene, or of an intrigue in a novel, and expresses the kindest welcome to the woody asylum which the landscape has in reserve for amorous adventure. The inn is the

next object which meets the view of Amorette and Phylida, or of any other romantically named pilgrims journeying to the shrine of Hymen ; and, were it not famous for good accommodation, it presents itself at such a period, and to pairs in such a mood, that it would pass for perfect at this happy juncture. It formerly was a gentleman's mansion, and is laid out in pretty good taste, having a lawn before it, and being adorned with lofty firs.

A very hacknied remark on reaching the village is to expatiate on the bliss of conjugal life, to quote Thomson, to talk of love in a cottage, and to swear that the humblest roof in that village would be a palace and a paradise

if tenanted with her we love, with adorable Sophia, dearest Maria, fascinating Matilda, or generous, blessed Georgina. (It is presumed, however, that the lady is married for her fortune). Then again a niggardly tear escapes *la belle*; and what will pa and ma say, or uncle and aunt? escape her lips, which are stopped by a *salute selon l'usage*, or *secundum artem*.

Refreshment next takes place, unless pursuers occur, and the blacksmith is called for, the mulciber who forges wedlock fetters, the vulcan who has united many a Venus and a Mars, and who has been cursed by many a then happy pair for years afterwards. Here comes a little trepidation, an assumed or

genuine shaking of the hand at the moment that the wedding finger is inserted in the little golden emblem of bondage and of fidelity, the emblem which makes the wedded fair the property of her husband—"flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone." This is the moment which caused Cæsar deep cogitation (it however causes less to the lady who quits her class for the altar): this is passing the rubicon. Often the curtain drops at an early period, and love's drama ends *sicut erat ab initio*.

Lord Stone and the accomplished Miss S—— went through all these gradus ad Templum Hymenæum, the lady often mentioning her friends—not her Edinburgh friends, they were furthest from her thoughts, and she hoped

further still from her steps. The chaise-in-four drives up to the inn. No refreshment: only a glass of wine to raise their courage. The blacksmith is sent for; and supper is ordered. The ceremony commences immediately after another young couple is turned off; and mulciber prepares to unite their hands; when—Allan Grant, Archy Campbell, and a host of their myrmidons, rush in, suspend the long desired ceremony, and lay hands on the loving couple. Miss S. faints: that was quite proper. As for Lord Stone, *Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit.*

VIRGIL.

The charges exhibited against her are of a very serious nature, namely,

swindling, having assumed a false name, taken up goods in the same, run away from her creditors, extensive debt “*cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*” All horrified as the peer is, yet does gallantry take the lead in his feelings, and he generously proposes to answer for all her debts, and to proceed with the ceremony. But unceremonious Archy, and conscientious Allan, oppose the thing. Archy brutally informs him that he does na ken him; that he may be as muckle o’ a lord, as she is an honorable miss; that naething but the siller doon would satisfy the creditors; and that even then, as it is a criminal information which is lodged against her, he must bring her before the magistrates to

answer to the charge : besides, adds brutal Archy, a' the quality of Embry is just affronted by her.

Allan, with a mild and sly look, and an inclination to mercy whenever interest did not most particularly stand in the way, urged the propriety of sifting the plot to the bottom ; of finding out how far the mischief went ; of consulting her other creditors, who had not, like Potifer, the Druggist, in George Street, taken out a fugitive writ ; “and,” added he, “ it would be dishonorable in me to allow that gentleman, supposing him to be a lord, to marry he does na ken wha ; it wud be but discreet to ken wha the leddy really is ; and perhaps, at the winding up, things may

na be sâe bad as they look the noo.” There was a good deal of wisdom and circumspection in these observations, and they acted as a powerful refrigerent on Lord Stone’s flame.

Allan’s advice was taken, and the lady was borne away seemingly lifeless, uttering in broken accents that she was ruined ; but that she feared not the minutest investigation of her family and conduct ; and that, if she had been indiscreet she was not criminal. “ I dare to say sac,” said mild Allan, taking a pinch of snuff ; “ an gin your story be true, the gentleman will may be marry ye after a.” Lord S. swore that he would ; whilst Archy asked my lord if he wud na treat him to a dram ; and

advised him no to marry sic a ———, Miss S. was allowed to lay down for a few hours, whilst the limbs of the law, or rather of the devil (for these are the lowest, blighted, and blasted branches of that learned profession), ate and drank heartily at Lord Stone's expense, and inflamed the reckoning as much as possible.

The lady was now torn from his arms, and boxed up in a chaise with mild, silver-tongued Allan and a concurrent, as most likely to use her well. The rest of the banditti were paid and dispersed ; whilst my lord, against whom no writ was issued, suffered Archy to ride in his carriage, in order to keep the bear in good humour : and now he

was completely tamed, and as obsequious as a slave. Upon receiving a bit of the flimsy in his pooch, he promised no to interfere with the puir divil of a lassie, and to hide himsel gaing through the toon, that my lord might no be affronted by being thought to be taen up; “though,” continued he, “I hae had the best in the laund in my custody.”

On the road he entertained the peer with a’ the titled folk, knights, baronets, and honorable misters, whom he had had in his grip, as well as about street rows and wild students, and wilder limmers, and how he had to arrest the leddies twa or three times every week, and how stupid idiots of credulous men aye answered for them and

took them out, and how my lord ought to beware of bad hooses,—although, to be sure, he kent ane or twa discreet places where person and property were safe, and where you might leave gold unfold. He kent Lucky sic a ane, wha wad na hae a dishonorable thing done in her hoose for a' the warld. She was a bony bit creatury when she was a lassie, and he kent her then, and had to put her in prison for a quarrel and faight wi another lassie; but she was turned quite douce and discreet, and respectable noo. There was na a mair decenter hoose-hadder in the toon, nor wha paid her cess and taxes mair regularly than her; and she might hae been married upon a minister at ae time, but she kent better sense; it was onely her siller

that the chil wanted. What's the use o' marrying, except it be to better ane's sel.

Here Edinburgh was smelt out by Archy, and he got down, thanking my lord for a' favors, and promising not to make the lassie oot war than she was. Poor Miss S. like Caractacus in his speech, had she had more moderation, "might have entered this capital, not as a captive but a friend." She had now the humiliation of being exposed like the most abandoned of women, and of being classed and confounded with felons. But, ere she be conducted to the toon cooncil to be brow-beaten, and harshly treated by the uncourtly and ungallant baillies, some of whom were

her creditors, a retrospect at Gretna will be a relief, with a very brief history of a few couple who were on their road to and from this interesting spot.

How attractive is the retreat of love! Doves and wood pigeons bill and coo in amatory measure there ; the very rills and fountains murmur nothing but love as they ripple along betwixt flowery banks ; echo repeats nothing but the accents of affection ; trees interlace and blend their branches, lean towards each other and embrace ; the woodbine is locked in the arms of the wild rose, and the modest jessamine meets the sweetbriar half way, and unites her perfume with his ; the oak and the ivy pourtray the married state—strength

and attachment, dependance and protection; the full gland falls from the imperial tree, and increases and multiplies his species; all is wedlock, all is happiness in the bowers of lovers at Gretna Green. There that flower blossoms which is to bloom or perish elsewhere; there it seems to be perennial.

To this fairy land many couples had been this season. The blacksmith had nailed three couples that morning (to use his own expression). The first couple was a Hotentot Venus and a beardless Mars. The dame was enormous and ugly, but a ward of chancery, and she had courted the man of war by becks and winks, and wreathed smiles, from her bed-room window in Wimpole-street.

The éclat of a runaway match seemed to please her prodigiously ; whilst he wore the blushing modesty which would better have become his bride. She was within a few months of coming of age, which period was, by a will of her uncle's, fixed at twenty-five ; and the young couple were to pass their honeymoon abroad. The lady paid for every thing herself, and was very generous to the blacksmith, who jokingly observed, that she seemed just as if she had bought the young little officer for a plaything.

The next couple was a strapping Hibernian of six feet and a half, and shoulders four feet four from right to left. He had seduced the consent or

another ward in chancery, who had a half-formed mind, or in other words was half an idiot. Paddy smothered her with kisses all the way there and back again, and seemed determined that the child should love him. The chaise was crammed with cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit, lavender-water, oranges, and playthings ; and the huge lover disdained not to amuse his dearie with the long and short straw, with questions and commands, and with playing at cup and ball on the road. He was just going to town to ensure her life, and then to brush off to the continent till the storm blew over. A more puny concern than his bride could not exist.

Lastly came literally a girl and boy, suited in age, paired in appearance, matched in beauty, and as amorous, silly, and simple, as a pair of ring doves. The young man had sold his commission (an ensigncy) to pay his debts, and to defray the expenses of his journey; and the young lady brought her silver knife and fork, her gold etui, her silver pen, thimble, and pencil, from the boarding-school, to contribute towards setting up house together. They had both been refused by their relations, and were considerably under twenty. They romped and played together all the way like kittens, and were so extravagant on the road, that it was impossible that they should reach town

without parting with the school trinkets. They had no prospects but want, “yet still they were in love, and pleased with ruin.”

Their appearance very much interested Lord Stone; and he expressed a wish to offer them money, and to know a little more of their history. It appeared to him the most interesting out-set of disinterested love, of genuine and mutual passion: he quite felt parental towards them, and expressed a conviction that they must be happy; that souls so united must prosper; that care and poverty would be averted by their blandishments and smiles; that the arrow of affliction would recoil from hearts like theirs, where every

thing was pure and uncorrupted, where you might truly find “thought meeting thought, and will preventing will.”

He accordingly named this both to the landlord and to the blacksmith ; but what was his surprise when they both concurred in assuring him that they had seen a great many of these cradle-marriages of boys from college, and of girls out of a boarding-school, and that they never knew one which turned out well : that the young people did not know their own minds ; that the boys generally became very dissipated, and soon tired of the novelty of a wife ; and that the girls were invariably seduced and run away with by elderly, artful, and designing men ; that they

were caught by flattery, as geese are attracted by a red rag, or fish-hooked by a peacock's feather, or some other gaudy bait; that mutual reproach always succeeded; and that the old proverb held good with them, which says, "when want comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.

But the coouncil is assembled, and baillies maunna be keepit waitin.

CHAPTER II.

Miss S. is brought before the **Town Council** of **Edinburgh**.—She is committed to **Prison**.—**Fruitless Application** of **Lord Stone** in her **Favor**.—His **Generosity**.—**Other Causes** before the sitting **Magistrates**.—**Edinburgh Law** as to breaking of **Lamps**.—The **Council** dissolved.—A **Visit** to the **Prison**.—**Gloomy Scotch Author**.—His **Liberation** from **Prison** through **Lord Stone's Benevolence**.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT mighty contests spring from trivial things! What Miss S. had deemed a happy hoax had now swollen into almost felony. She had represented the Honorable Miss ———; she had forged letters of introduction; she had led the fashion of Edinburgh for a short time; she had gained hearts; had fêtes made for her; had taken modest young women of family under her wing to introduce them into public; had very nearly got a titled husband; had had all the tradesmen in Edinburgh

booing and booing to her, forcing their goods upon her, happy to receive her commands; but what was ten times more guilty in the eyes of the baillies, she had committed the crime of getting deeply in debt; and she had (by her hoax) affronted all the best houses in Scotland. “There could na be too great a punishment for her,” said Bailie Crockery. “She juist deserved to be haung-*ed*,” (laying great stress on the *ed*,) observed Bailie Candles. “She shud be whip-*ed* through the toon naked,” cried Bailie Blueruin, “for he wud like to hae a peep.” “No, that would be im-more-al,” cried Bailie Snuffy the haberdasher. “The limmer, I hae nae patience wi’ her, for thrusting hersel amongst honest men’s

wives and daughters," exclaimed Bailie Grocery. In short, it was "Tot homines tot sententiæ."

At length, Lord Stone was examined in her behalf. "Is he really a lord?" said the senior baillic. "Aye, I believe sac," replied a tailor baillic. Let us treat him like a nobleman wi' a' distinction," exclaims the junior baillic. "He's vara rich, an pays like a prince," whispers Archy in the clerk's ear. "Let us offer his lordship a seat," suggests one. "Let us kiss his haund as a mark o' oor respeck," says another. "Hoot man," says a third, "that wad only be askin an honor o' his lordship; it wud be far mair becomin o' the cooncil wi' a' humility to kiß—his—his--his

foot, or some ither less dignified place." My lord is meanwhile ushered in, with all the civic honors o' the toon, Archy making way for him in style, and rapping the shins of the profanum vulgus, in order to show his authority.

Upon Lord S.'s examination, he stated that he should prefer the not exhibiting any charge against the prisoner for any intention of imposing on him ; that he admired her beauty and accomplishments, and had reason to think that she would turn out to be some young woman of high family, who had run away from her home, and committed some imprudences ; and that sooner than disgrace her name, he would pay all her debts. Here a ge-

neral sentiment of applause arose, “vara noble indeed!”—for this was a great difficulty got over.

He continued by observing, that with respect to imposing upon her friends and benefactors, Lords Ossian and Urbane, that could only be considered as a mere hoax, though of a very indelicate nature; and that these noblemen were too generous to hurt a woman. “Vara true,” cried the senior baillie; “but then my Lady Ossian, and Lady D—, and Miss G—, and Lady A—, and the Doo-a-ger.”—He was going on, when another baillie observed, “it will be time enough to consider o’ that when the heaviest charge is disposed of, namely, the forging Lady Georgina’s

haund of vrite, and the prisoner must be committed to the Towbuith, until we see whether her leddyship be inclined to prosecute."

No sooner said than done; and the fair retired in tears. "She's a bonny creatury," cried Baillic Crockery, pulling up his pantaloons, "though she may have a flaw; I should like——" "What?" cried the senior baillie, quite indignant—"to see the lassie cleared," replied the former. "Guid an weel," said the senior.

Lord Stone now sat down, out of curiosity, to see the other business of the day disposed of, when the following

causes came on before their honors the baillies.

A cause of assault and battery was exhibited by a hackney-coachman against a cabinet-maker, who set up in his defence, that the plaintiff had refused to pay a sum of money due to him, and had exhibited a set-off against the debt, which was unjust and irrelevant; but that when he found that he could not get a decree against him, "he just took the law in his ain haund." "That was wrang," said the senior baillie: "the law must be paid for; and no practeezed by ony but by lawyers. But, learned brethren, let us hear the plaintiff."

The defendant, after two or three dozen of boos and scrapes, and genuflexions and humiliations, addressed the senior baillie. "My lord," said he. This pleased exceedingly; and stroking down his chin, the senior said in a mild but authoritative tone, "proceed, honest man." "My lord," the defendant exhibits an accoont against me for repairs of a bed, for propping it, for furnishing him with a new leg, for tightening the sacking, and other work done; and I have another account to furnish for airing his wife." "That's an odd charge!" cried the senior. "Not at a'," said Crockery; "'tis for driving out the puir body, who perchance was we wean, or oot o' order." "Just sae," said the plaintiff. "I used to air her ilka day," continued he;

“ and I charge for my time an my trouble, and for wear and tear.”

“ This is a vara extronner case,” observed Baillie Candles. “ I dinna muckle like it,” continued he, rubbing his forehead : “ if a man can get in debt, and then tak his wife oot and air her, theres nae saying hoo accounts may staund. Learned brethren, we shud na vara much like sic a off-set to our bills, as a man charging for geeing oor wives a drive every day in return for the delivery—(here he was taken with a short cough) o’ oor guid. I asshere ye, that the tale does na tell well ava, the plaintiff takes a lift off o’ the defendant, and rummages aboot his bed, and furnishes a leg thereto, and props a—bed,

and then he gaes about in a cotch wi' the maun's wife, and talks o' off-sets, and o' wear and tear, an' I dinna ken what a'. It's no a discreet story ava, and it wud furnish a bad example to oor ain wives ; and I really am o' opinion, that it sud be dismissed, and go to a higher coort o' law. I'm no sure but a o' us wud be apt to gie a chield a crack o' the cheek o' the heed, for airing oor wives, and no paying us for oor work done." "An upright judge!" was the word: the parties were dismissed, and retired booing, and booing, whilst the next cause was called.

It related to a buck of an Irish student, who had beaten the town guard, and had broken lamps. The senior

baillie was about to be very consequential and severe, telling the young man that it was a real shame to disturb the peace of the city, and that the honest man at the bar had been knocked doon, and his head played crack against the causeway. But, upon the guardian of the night assuring their honors, that the shentleman (the watchman was a highlander) had behaved very honorable upon that head, and had gin him a twa pund note, and, that a' that was to settle the noo, was that she (the gentleman) shud pay for the lamp. This the senior baillie agreed to ; but he observed that there was a rule in Edinburgh, which directed that the last delinquent should pay for all the lamps which had been broken

within the last year, in order to deter others frae the like. This was not light work for the student, who observed, on leaving the cooncil chawmer, that this arrangement was better for the lights than for the liver. "What docs he say?" said one baillie. "I dinna: ken," replied another; for no one took the joke: they had no more lights than the case required; so they went on to the next cause.

Archy violently drives in an old street offender, who was apprehended for the twofold offence of street-walking, and nimming a wipe, as it is called in the flash language, but in plain English, for stealing a pocket handkerchief. The senior baillie, upon this occasion,

commenced in the following sublime and spirited strain. “ Why ye auld limmer o’ hell ! are ye brocht afore me agen ? Ye’ll never turn frae yere evil ways, but gang to the deevle as fast as ye can. It’s no twa days that ye were cleared o’ a street riot whan ye were useless in the guittar, and breaking honest folks rest ; and still ye gang on rioting and thieving, even on the very sabbath day. I’m shure yere auld enough to leave off your d——ble trade, ye bisom ye.” Here he drew breath.

Tiby (that was the wretched tattered female’s name) endeavoured to exculpate herself by stating, that an auld gentleman, who had been a baillie, like his lordship, had just taken a fancy to

her, and wanted to gie her a wie drap dram, and that being vara fou, he drapped his napkin, and she took it up wi the intent of locking it by for the auld gentleman, but that Tonalld McGrougar, the toon gearde, stepped up, took her by the cuf o' the neck, purpöselly to mak someat by her." This defence, however, would not do; and she was ordered to Bridewell, and snapped up accordingly on a hand barrow, and carried, according to custom, down the street in that form.

Seeing that her case was desperate, and being enraged at the sitting baillie's calling her a delirious, doighted, dazed, useless, auld betch, and bringing up the favourite epithet of the lady of Babylon,

and mentioning the dogs licking up her blood (for the Scotch are very fond of quoting scripture), she burst out into a volley of abuse, called the baillie an auld fore-ni-ca-tor, (accenting every syllable) observed that if she had been younger and bonnier she shud nae hae been treated thon way; and that she kent Janet Muckleweem, wha had had a bairn to him, and had been dirtily used eneugh by him. A thump or two of Archy ended this discourse, and, with it, the business of the day.

My Lord now bowed to the chair and retired; whilst the magistrates walked out in civic composure and consequence; and thus ended that day's business.

From the council chamber, Lord Stone proceeded to the prison, in order to give pecuniary assistance to Miss S. to mitigate the rigours of her confinement, and to learn her real story ; after which it was his intention to apply to Lady Georgina — not to prosecute her for the forgery of her letters ; and upon what he learned as to her real name and situation, depended his future conduct towards the unfortunate female, whom he was, at all events, determined to rescue from ruin, and to assist with money. He was not allowed to see the prisoner that day, but left a supply for her, and was to call again the next day ; after writing, in order to avert any further prosecution against her, and nobly going round and paying her debts.

He accordingly the next day entered the abode of misery, the worst and most circumscribed jail in Europe, the Edinburgh Tolbooth, which has neither a felon's yard for air or exercise, or even an area for debtors to breathe any thing but dirt and infection. But as the lawyers there admit that the squator curceris, talked of in the old barbarian Roman law, is a part of the debtor's punishment, and that loss of liberty is not enough, but that a slice of the constitution, a portion of a man's health and life, are due to the creditor, like Shylock, in terms of his bond, "a pound of flesh nearest his heart."—It is useless to say more on the subject.

* At this time the new Edinburgh jail was unfinished, and the Tolbooth had been for ages a disgrace to humanity.

It happened to be a general fast-day, and the shops were all shut. The prison alone opened its unwelcome gates to the wretch who forfeits that best of blessings, liberty, to the offended laws of his country, or who incautiously surrenders for a few momentary joys, perhaps for the benevolent feeling of relieving another, a portion of his time, of his life, of his health, and of his respectability. A tall, raw-boned, Scotch, crazy author, was parading the hall : he had got himself in debt, and was preparing for the cessio, after which he hoped that his abilities, in a more genial clime, might gain him fame and independence. He paced the gloomy hall, repeatedly soliloquizing, in the following gloomy, theatrical, and very singular manner.

“ ’Tis the king’s fast; naething is stirring ; a’s shut ; the shops are shut, the theatre is shut, the cooncil chawmer’s shut, the parliament hoose is shut, the bill chawmer is shut, a’s shut ! Naw—there are twa things open—twa—just twa—onely twa—a’s shut, but—Hell ! and the Prison ! they are aye open,—just twa—Hell and the Prison ! ” “ You mistake,” said Lord Stone : “ there is one thing more open, and that is the heart of humanity.” So saying, he inquired the amount of his debts, found it to be trifling,—mere trifles for food and for necessaries, and he paid him out ; advising him to go on the stage, and to select the most gloomy of all gloomy parts, for which his talents and imagination fitted him completely.

He gratefully thanked the peer, and retreated soliloquizing to another tune.

Lord S. now obtained permission to see Miss S. and she agreed to tell him her story, which will come in its turn. But first the reader has some likenesses to contemplate, who are members of that luminous body already mentioned, the toon cooncil of auld Reekie, which will form the commencing subject of the following chapter, and which, if not flattering likenesses, are certainly faithful ones, and will be recognized by those who inhabited or who visited Edinburgh at the period of the Honorable Miss S——'s insignis hoax.

CHAPTER III.

More of the Town Council.—Portraits.—

**The gloomy Prison again.—Its wretched
Inhabitants.—Portraits of the two lead-
ing Characters amongst them.—A Sketch
of the Laws of Debtor and Creditor, and
of the Sanctuary of Holyrood House.**

CHAPTER III.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

POPE.

THIS was clearly the opinion of the worthy town council of Edinburgh ; but they did not qualify it like the celebrated author in question, for they thought that ever so little learning was a dangerous thing ; and that if one of their body was possessed of towering abilities, he must be cut off from it, being a non-natural amongst them. It is a well-known fact, that they once had a man of abilities amongst them ; but his knowledge and ideas were so much at

variance with theirs, that continual divisions, jarrings, and strife, were the consequence ; and it is a fact, that a formal order of the town council was issued to the plain and undisguised purport, “ that nae men o’ extraordinar abeelities shud in future be admitted into the cooncil.” Amongst the moderate heads of their bench were

BAILLIE ALLCOMBINE.

This baillie is by way of being, a gentleman, although his vulgar appearance belies his wish. He is styled a merchant ; as a land (a floor of a house) is stretched into a hoose ; as a field is extended to a park ; as an acre of land, miserably diversified by a score of stunted trees, or gloomy

shrubs, is amplified into a policy ; and as a dozen acres (perhaps a barren moor) gives a territorial title to its possessor in the land of thistles and of fern.

Whilst he was hung in chains (we mean the golden chains of office) he was much looked up to by the frail cyprians as a friend ; and, to do him justice, whilst he leaned a little to the better-looking ones, he did not betray that uncultivated brutality which some of his colleagues and predecessors vomited out officially or officiously from the magisterial chair, against the unhappy victims of idleness and of whiskey.

But it can never be forgotten, that, betraying the confidence of a friend, under the most delicate circumstances, he recommended him a prostitute for a wife, knowing personally and experimentally all her worth and attractions. The friend was a colonel in the army, of tried honor and courage, but addicted to drink. He had picked up his false partner in his travels through life; and the baillie, after long and close intimacy with both, advised him to marry her; knowing that he had thus fixed disgrace and dishonor on the head of him who repaid this procedure with kindness and friendship, and who had made him the depository of the inmost secrets of his heart.

A certain Hibernian captain was privy to this transaction; but the prime mover was the equitable magistrate, although the captain might be suspected of a little foul play in the matter, being as great an amateur as the baillie. The consequence was, that the lady was as unfaithful as a wife as she had formerly been as a mistress; and that the old officer died soon after with drink, and not improbably with a broken heart.

Baillie Allcombine's titles to gentility are the chain of office, and being related to a professor, now no more. His claim to the name of merchant is his success in a retail trade, and the quick return of capital from a shop where he lords it most insolently, though nothing

unwilling to sell your groom a waist-coat, or your scullion a pair of stockings. So does pride puff up the vain; and such is the confusion in the orders of society, where prosperity in trade elevates a nothing into the utmost civic importance.

BAILLIE HEADSTRONG

Is a draper, but doubtless considers himself also a merchant; since that term is as vaguely given in Scotland as in France. The term *marchand*, which indeed is but a mere vender, descends to a gingerbread merchant, and a merchant of matches (matches which are dipped in brimstone we mean; for

match merchants are in very high circles of life.) The Marchand du Pain, d'Epice, and the Marchand d'Alumelles, have as much right to the title of *negociant* (a real merchant in France) as the baillie and his par nobiles fratres, the venders of worsted hose and nightcaps, the venders of pots, pans, and other crockery, the merchants in the general line, i. e. tailors and drapers united, or the grocers and spirit merchants united, id est, the venders of sloe leaves and tobacco, liquid fire, arcohol, turnip juice, pepper, vitriol, and other poisonous and combustible matters.

The baillie and merchant, nevertheless, is a very insolent and consequential personage to the profanum

vulgus, when, “dressed in a little brief authority,” he parades it in a suit of *murnins*, (for the baillies also must ape the lawyers and physicians in the gravity of their attire), and harnessed in the city chain; or when, with his heart full of pride, and his head full of sawdust, he takes the civic chair pro forma.

His honor had the good fortune at one period of his life to make an impression on an engraver's daughter, and had the patriotism to benefit the country very highly indeed, for he “stamped an image of himself, not a sovereign of the world,” but, what is very interesting, “a baillie o' the toon.” The lady, who is as squat as the compressed wax on the surface of which the seal (not the

city one) has been applied, is thus clothed with a husband—a very favorite term amongst low people, who enter into the holy and honorable state of matrimony, whilst the less solemn females call it having gotten a man, which explains their thoughts more simply, and more naturally.

To attempt to give a character of Baillie Headstrong would be loss of time, and would be doing nothing after all. The most faithful history of the baillie would be to say that Baillie Headstrong is——Baillie Headstrong.

PAT DE CHAMBRESON.

Poor old Pat de Chambreson is a kind of secretary to their worships the baillies, and is very worthy of being stuck to their tails; having no superiority of abilities to annoy them with, no will of his own to oppose to their wisdom, nothing to do but to be a writing machine, nothing more to think on than a mere fixture of the coouncil chawmer.

He is always either drunk or deased, (a Scotch expression), or stupified, hazy, obnubilated, snuffy, moony, or in a mist. The last term, however, does not well apply to him, for he never can be missed. He is what a Scotchman

(if an enemy) would call, juist an auld, doited, worthless, wat, useless, bodie, a mere tool of office; a mere sop to sponge up liquor out of his office, yet, as an appendage of the toon cooncil, even he is highly worthy of being named.

There now only remains, to conclude the list of this highly respectable and truly luminous body, to give some account of their bun, Archy Mantrap, not a member of the rump parliament, but him who comes in at the tail of the cooncil, and, for aught we know or care, may at some future period be at the head of it, for he is a capital fellow in his way, has followed many a chield, and made it neck or nothing with him,

has a good deal of insolence to recommend him in his office, besides having something very taking about him, in which particular he excels the baillies themselves.

ARCHY MANTRAP,
OR THE BAILLIE'S BUM.

This half man and half bear escaped whilst a whelp from the highlands, to which noble soil he is no honor. Nature has bestowed upon him a chaotic form, a shapeless mass of corrupt flesh, and of dangerous strength, forming a rudis indegestaque moles. Like one of the children of Cadmus, he seems destined to destroy and to feed upon his fellow-creatures, if such fellow can be

called a creature like another man, whose pride is his resemblance to his adored creator, and whose only true nobility is the spark of humanity, proclaiming

The divinity which stirs within us.

CATO.

When first this bum came to the toon, he was bare enough. Posterior to this period he was clothed in leather, and carried water for sale on his brawny shoulders; but soon his broad back, saucy front, and herculean arm, were enlisted in the service of the magistracy. From the low and vagabond state in which he entered the Scotch capital, he has crept into the favor of the magistrates; and being gifted with much cun-

ning, he has rendered himself very useful to the police.

Whether he be truly intrepid or not, is not decided in the negative ; but it is the general idea of brave men, that true courage is never to be found but where the heart is as tender, open, and susceptible, as the mind and arm are strong, determined, and fearless. Archy, there is little doubt, deserves the reproach of Homer :

“Thou dog in forehead, but at heart a deer.”

Certain, however, it is, that he is resolute and cruel, not only by virtue of his office, but by the vice of his harsh nature.

With all these qualities, he has

acquired prosperity, and is growing rich in their worships' service. He keeps a number of clerks, broken-down, worthless, fallen, and bankrupt writers, whose united wickedness, and whose legal knowledge, make them proper agents of this anthropophagus. Whilst he racks the poor, promptly and unsparingly, he can, if he thinks that siller is to be made of it, carry a warrant against a rich man in his pouch for a month, and boo, and boo, and cringe to the parties, like a crawling spaniel, or a beaten bloodhound. Thus it is, as Macheath says, that

“ ——— gold from law can take out the sting.”

BEGGARS' OPERA.

During the period in which Lord Stone visited Miss S. he had an opportunity of seeing the persons confined in the horrid mansion of woe which she inhabited. They were, for the most part, composed of persons who had been unfortunate or extravagant, and who had allowed themselves to be arrested, with the view of relieving themselves by an act entitled that of "*Cessio bonorum*," which is a much shorter and less exceptionable mode of liberation than even the act passed in England; for if a man be void of fraud in his transactions, he may be liberated after five or six weeks confinement, provided that his debts are all contracted in Scotland. If, however, he have English or Irish creditors, resident in London and

Dublin, or in provincial towns, at either of these countries the process will require double that time. Among the present residents were

RAT NINNYMAN, ESQ.

This dingy inhabitant of the prison is a self-devoted victim, and wholly undeserving of pity. His father was a fiddler; and his sisters are amongst the tallest women in Edinburgh, where there certainly is a female race from Brobdignag. This, with the circumstance of his having married a woman of large property, are his only titles to notoriety; although certainly he has great claim to notice from his numerous disappointed creditors.

This Ninnyman, although he had plenty to live upon, chose to get in debt; and, getting in debt, he did not chuse to pay. He then allowed himself to be incarcerated, with the view of getting liberated on what is called the *cessio bonorum*, which is the remains of the old Roman law; but, at the same time, he was determined to yield up to his creditors no bonus of any sort or kind whatever, differing from his countrymen in this, that they generally take the *cessio bonorum*, when no trace or sign of *bonorum* is left, i. e. to give up nothing, having nothing to give; but he expected to avail himself of the same law, and still to keep the goods and chattels too.

This plan not being relished by his creditors, they had a trial of strength, and kept his corpus in the meanwhile, whilst he seemed resolved to tire out his enemies, and had literally grown grey in the service; for his piebald head is all over patches, and handfulls of hair come off in this state. He is of an easy contented disposition, and he seemed as happy in his dungeon as an old grey rat built up in a wall or dammed up in a sluice. He too is weak brother, but not without a very considerable degree of craft and of cunning.

MRS. STAFFA.

This lady, with great personal attractions, and still more of art—with the highest assumption of delicacy, sentiment, feeling, gentility, breeding, et cetera, is truly entitled to none of these attributes but the last; having certainly bred more than once. Her appearance would deceive *indoctum*, *doctumque*, learned and ignorant doctors and apothecaries; and she certainly never would be taken for a lame chairman's progeny; yet such is the fact: a broken-legged chairman claims the honor of being her papa.

Early in life she owed her first fall to a M'D—— (let the clan settle whom, amongst them), and he supported her mighty shabbily, increasing however her live stock by two piccaninies. The clan device, *per mare, per terras*, induced this lady to get married upon a sailor, as the Edinburgh phrase is ; but here the tide of fortune was against both ; for the honest tar was killed at Basque Roads. Here, however, her former lover had an opportunity of recompensing her services and her husband's, at one and the same time ; and he showed his disinterested friendship by getting her a pension.

Cast off in a manner by her seducer, and deprived of the cloak of a husband,

she gave into a pretty general line of intrigue ; and from expense which she was unable to meet, she got herself for a while into prison. Liberated thence, she still had a feeling for the captives of either debt or beauty ; and she kindly used to soothe the lonesome hours of captivity of a certain tall man, fonder of natural than of moral philosophy, and finding living subjects far more interesting than dead ones. The fair lady was, however, neither confined to the prison, nor to the prisoner ; but, easily and elegantly diversifying and contrasting liberty with confinement, change with constancy, married with single admirers, she floated like a butterfly through the regions of love, resting no where, and depending on no

single object either for pleasure or for profit.

So fervid is this lady's imagination, that she cannot dwell in the plain, humble, matter-of-fact, substantial world of existence, but must ever fly off upon the light wings of imagination into the immaterial, airy regions of fancy, and of prosaic or poetical fiction—into the fabulous spheres above the common earth; and they who follow either herself or her narrative, are sure to be lost in the slippery paths, the specious perspectives, the devious and crooked windings and labyrinths of error, of disappointment, and of delusion.

The swain is to be pitied "*cui intentata nitet*"; for it is impossible to tell whither her love for romance and invention might lead them both. The greatest economy in dealing out matters of fact, a studious avoiding of the round unvarnished tale of vulgar truth, the faithful adhering to the device of "*Fas est decipere in loco*," to which should be added—*in omni loco*, are the leading features which deform her character, and which thus spoil what might have been "one of Nature's fairest works."

These were two of the closely confined tenants of this dirty cage. All those who have any hopes of compro-

mising their difficulties in Edinburgh fly to the sanctuary of Holyrood House, where their persons are protected, and whence, as from an eminence, a well defended camp, or a strong military position, the debtor may send his flag of truce to the enemy, may demand a parlementaire, and obtain either a suspension of hostilities, or a treaty of peace, on advantageous terms to himself, but never on the *status quo ante bellum*.

This place at times possesses its portion of rank and fashion---generals, admirals, hosts of baronets, honorable misters, ex members of parliament, gay ladies, and fraudulent bankrupts ! Here

did poor Sir Alexander H—— breathe his last! Here rest the remains of the unfortunate Colonel ——, of the first family in Scotland! Hence were removed the earthly remains of a truly honorable and unfortunate general! Here lived a baronet of Stirling character—a Sir William, a Sir Robert, a Sir John, a certain Yorkshire member, and the mad milling brother of a Scotch peer—one of the abbey beaux, commonly called Abeylairds, not Abelards, though Eloisas are not wanting in this retreat. From this strong-hold did three merchants, whose joint debts would make about three hundred thousand pounds, make trifling compromise with their host of inimical creditors; but as

more will be said on this spot hereafter, Miss S——'s story must be proceeded with for the present.*

* M——s settled ninety-six thousand pounds of debt, by about three, four, or five shillings in the pound: D——p, the rich merchant, compromised one hundred thousand pounds from the abbey: and F——r, a diamond merchant and jeweller, got rid of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds of debt in the same place.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Stone's Reflections and Disappointments.—His unsuccessful Mission.—A minor Rout.—Female Vengeance and Malignity.—Miss S——'s real Story.—The Misrepresentation of ditto.—The Baillies again.

CHAPTER IV.

Pleasures are few ; yet fewer we enjoy.
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and loy :
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill ;
Still it eludes us, but it glitters still.

YOUNG'S SATIRES.

No man ever was more disappointed than Lord Stone in his pursuit of pleasure and of happiness. He had come to the great Caledonian capital upon the flattering report of many of his countrymen. He was every where well received ; he had led a sort of ton ; he had carried off the prize of beauty ; and what had he obtained ? Disappointment, disgust, envy, blame, suspicion.

He was envied awhile for the preference given to him; now he was blamed for espousing the cause of such a woman. He was, for awhile, suspected of being her accomplice—of being an impostor, a counterfeit. He had set his heart on a worthless object, and disgust, linked with disappointment, was now his portion.

He had visited Lady Ossian, with a view to appease her, and to obtain her good offices with Lady Georgina, in order to prevent further punishment to the hoaxing culprit; but he was received with the most repulsive behaviour, was blamed for his credulity, censured for his officiousness, and sternly refused the boon, which formed the

object of his visit. Lord Stone, not finding her ladyship at home, posted to a minor rout, where all the tabbies in Edinburgh were assembled to play cards, to talk scandal, and to discover the weak points of their neighbours.

Here, every body who entered contributed to the family establishment by card-money, and left in return their character behind them. Every thing in the house was forced, assumed, and unnatural ; dull, heavy, and antiquated ; proud, shabby, and uncongenial. Old women, trussed like fowls, and powdered over the acute breast bone, to give them the appearance of young chickens ; fat tabbies, as sleek, as cunning, and as treacherous as the most ferocious of

the *feline* race, with their bull beef naked red arms, foul mouths, and juvenile wig tresses ; professional male gossips, doctors, and lawyers, who grew fat upon the complaints and quarrels of the town ; young chicks, taught to leer, to lie, and to hang out for a husband : these formed the bright circle where Lord S. was introduced ; not forgetting the lean, faded, fan-twinkling spinsters, the cusins o' the faimilie ; the prurient coarse misses from school, who had not yet received the drilling of an aunt or of a grandmama ; and the enormous vulgar citizens' wives, as gaudy as tulips, as variegated in their colors, and probably raised from the same hot-bed. Their lukewarm negus, and the discordant sounds of an ill-played piano-forte,

in an adjacent room, to which the youth of both sexes danced with the *furor* of St. Vitus, formed the bill of fare for the evening's entertainment.

Lord Stone was unwelcome to every one ; first, because his errand was unwelcome ; secondly, because he had been eye-witness to their having been hoaxed ; and, thirdly, because he had not been attentive enough to the superannuated vestals, and to the superabundant dowagers ; nor had he proposed for any of the junior branches of their respectable and ancient families.

His lordship sought for a tête-à-tête in a recess of the apartment, and wished to speak in *sotto voce* to her ladyship

on the subject of the prisoner ; but she, in order to give publicity to the thing, spoke in a sonorous bastail, and was wonderfully high and haughty in her refusal, and very circumlocutious on the subject. Wretches, monsters, prostitutes, and swindlers, caitifs, miscreants, and impostresses, danced in figurative array in her ladyship's ample discourse ; and she was so proud to refuse, that she could scarcely part with the dear beloved negative from her lips ; as though it had been a guinea from her ladyship's strong box, or a bottle of wine from his lordship's temperate cellar.

At length, the unsuccessful ambassador obtained his congé from this un-

courteous court, and bore the refusal to the unfortunate but justly punished prisoner. Lady Georgina, however, did not come forward to prosecute ; and an application was made in a few days for the liberation of the culprit, which (as her debts were now paid) would have been unconditionally granted, had it not been for the kindly interposition of some tender-hearted individuals of the fair sex, ever compassionate to a sister's weakness, ever regretful at her fall.

These gentle dames had taken legal advice as to what could be done against the criminal, and had used their interference with the town council, where, as well as at court, petticoat interest has

its weight ; and it was resolved that some punishment should appease the wrath of injured quality, that some sentiment of abhorrence should mark the proud feeling of the Scottish fair ; in fine, that Miss S— should not leave the cold regions of the North scot free : and that Lord S — should not indulge the sensation arising from saving a wretched, though guilty woman. The tender fair prevailed, and it was decided that Miss S— should, again be brought before the toon coouncil, to receive the sentence of the law.

To one bronzed over like Miss S— this sentence had less effect ; for life and liberty were all which she valued, and neither were in danger : her debts

were paid by the bountiful hand of a generous nobleman : there was no felony standing against her ; and exposure she had made her mind up to ; as, when she had to sustain the thunder of Lady Ossian's tongue, and when, instead of couching under the lightning of her eye, and withering under the heat of her declamation, she coolly observed, " So then I am blown." She received her sentence with the utmost composure, and on the day previous to it, she told her real history to Lord Stone.

The amount of this history was : that she was the daughter of the Earl of G——'s housekeeper, and her name began with a B. Gifted wjth some

abilities, and with more cunning, she had, during her residence in an humble sphere, in that illustrious family, been a constant and a judicious observer of men and of manners. She had closely watched the deportment, the language, the conversation, and the foibles of people of quality; and being, perhaps (as Dr. Gall would observe) gifted with the organ of imitateness, she faithfully copied what she had remarked. She had naturally a pleasing voice and a good person, and she wrote a fashionable hand. She, moreover, was acquainted with the hand-writing of many of the nobility, from her residence at Lord G——'s; and this knowledge she also turned to account afterwards. Fair and frail, she lis-

tened to a lover, and she accompanied him, as his mistress, to London, where she hoped to recline upon downy pillow and on velvet couch, and to enjoy triumphant vice upon a bed of roses, in the soft sensuality of unwedded life, and in the enervating luxury of soft and illicit love.

Many a female has proposed to herself such a golden dream, such a non-existent life, such an untroubled phantom of felicity ; but few, if any, have found the object of their guilty ambition. She was soon deserted, and left to run the race of error, to barter her charms for an uncertain and disgraceful price. She soon found it necessary to return to Scotland ; and, as

she had read of fortunate female adventurers, she resolved to try her luck in that way; and, providing herself with a handsome wardrobe, a coroneted seal, and forged letters of recommendation to people of distinction in Edinburgh, she hired a black servant, personated the honorable Miss S——, and came down to the Scottish capital with the view of entrapping a rich and noble husband.

Frederic Wildbore was first attracted by her; and then it would have been diamond cut diamond, had they united; but she was too great a general to be taken in by a *pseudo* man of family; and had she not given the preference to Lord Stone, she would not

have ventured on an alliance with Frederic the Great, without knowing on what grounds she stood.

This is her history and life up to the period of her exposure; and, but for the circumstance of the two young men's recognizing her at a party, she would have succeeded in making a great match, and of ending her career with eclat. This accident hastened her departure; and this sudden departure in debt brought every other evil upon her.

Until that moment, she had so nicely and exactly imitated the self-sufficient consequence of a lady of quality when she enters a tradesman's shop,

and when she does him the high honor of getting deeply in his debt—when, with haughty condescension and with supercilious smile, she says in a commanding, and in a dignified tone of voice, “put it down to me.” “The honor of your name,” says the well-behaved tradesman. “Lady so and so, or the Honorable Miss ——;” no more commands? “None at present; give the parcel to my footman.”—All this she had at her fingers’ ends, all this superb and taking manner, which lays the obsequious shopkeeper under heavy obligation, and makes him chuckle at the probability of so noble a customer, not knowing the value of his goods, the overcharge which he may insinuate for long credit with impunity,

the confusion of dates and articles, the elegant indifference, as to price, of a high-bred customer, the fashion too which he may acquire as a draper, a lace-man, et cetera, et cetera, without calculating at the same time (so dazzled is he by quality) that he may never get paid at all. These elegant airs she was a perfect mistress of; and, but for the unforeseen accident, she would have played them off successfully.

This tale petrified his lordship, although it was not told in this simple and faithful way; but, on the contrary, was highly varnished with all the figures of speech, all the glossing over, the polishing, the adorning, and the mis-representing possible. The effect

which it produced was, however, no other than an appeal to his lordship's humanity ; for it was impossible for him to think of forming a connection with one so much beneath him, with one possessed of so much artifice, and who had so much imposed upon his credulity. He accordingly gave her a sum of money to take her to England, and to support her decently for three months, in which time he advised her to look out for some industrious mode of life.

This she, with downcast look, and modest mien, listened to with attention, and promised to comply with, although she had no intention of performing such promise : and as the reader may perhaps like to see how an artful

statement mends a bad tale, it will be no harm to let him have the *soi-disant* Honorable Miss S——'s account of her life and adventures up to the period alluded to.

“ My parents,” said she, “ were neither opulent nor illustrious, although I have heard of relations of high respectability, whom it was not my good fortune to be acquainted with. My mother enjoyed a situation of trust in the Earl of G——'s establishment, and was very highly considered. I was like an *Enfant de famille*, and thereby had the advantage of much improvement. I was very young, somewhat attractive (with a modest glance), and gifted with exquisite feeling and much susceptibi-

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lity. I felt that the heart was designed for love, and mine knew no duplicity or deceit. In short, I was wooed ; I was won ; I was abandoned : I fell an early sacrifice to the prayers, the tears, the oaths, the promises, and protestations of the basest of his sex : I expected honorable wedlock, instead of degrading and unhallowed union ; but I was grossly deceived. Lost in London, and unfit for a life of vice, I returned, broken-hearted, to my native country, where, in an unguarded hour, reading a novel, and reflecting on the success of many female adventurers, I thought first of passing under a feigned name, and, by increased consequence, of obtaining that consideration which my credulity had bereft me of. I never

could endure a man in a sphere inferior to my own ; and had I been elevated to a higher situation, I should have endeavoured to make the generous heart which rescued me from ruin every compensation which esteem, gratitude, and undissembled love, could have afforded ; for I had learned useful lessons in the school of adversity ; and I should neither have abused, nor have disgraced prosperity.”

She ceased, but seasoned her narrative with a flood of tears, and then looked fondly and interestingly at the peer, to observe what effect her eloquence had produced. She had failed—she sighed and wiped her eyes : but the sapient Baillies are again as-

sembled, and she must attend. Her sentence awaits her ; and she must undergo it. Farewell coronet and honorable distinction ! fashion and praise, farewell ! Her last scene in Scotland was to be acted, and no more public applause could be expected. The court was crowded ; the women looked all vengeance ; and there was not, in the other sex, that mercy which always animates a generous breast, when woman, however worthless, is in our power. The Baillies triumphed in her disgrace, whilst the male spectators stared her out of countenance.

CHAPTER V.

More Particulars about Miss S——.—Her Sentence.—The wise Heads of the Bailies.—Their Resolutions.—The Abbey of Holyrood House.—Its Inhabitants, Intrigues, and Localities.—Characters.—Lord Stone leaves Edinburgh for the North once more.—His Love for the Highlands.—His travelling Companion.

CHAPTER V.

- “ Had Cain been Scotch, Heaven had revers’d
his doom :
“ Nor let him wander, but have sent him
home.”

THIS is a severe sentence on Scotland, but it is not a just one. To Miss S—— it certainly applies ; but not to one worthy native of that country. The Scot, more than any one, cherishes the hope of revisiting his native land, and of enjoying the fruits of his industry, of reaping the produce of his labour, after a hard life of toil, of receiving the meed of praise due to

courage, to genius, and to enterprise, and of being, in the last awful scene of existence, gathered to his fore-fathers. Guilt and shame, once emigrated, returns no more; but merit and endeavour, like the sharp and faithful needle, whatever be the point of the compass to which it is wafted, still points to the north.

Chateaubriand beautifully remarks, on the love of country, and particularly of the place of our nativity, “ Oh! quel cœur si mal fait, n’a tressailli au bruit des cloches de son lieu natal, de ces cloches qui fremirent de joie sur son berceau, qui annoncèrent son avènement à la vie, qui marquerent le premier battement de son cœur, qui pub-

lierent, dans tous les lieux d'alentour, la sainte alegresse de son Père, les douleurs et les joies encore plus ineffables de sa mere ! tout se trouve dans les réminiscences enchantées que donne le bruit de la cloche natale ; Philosophie, piété, tendresse, et le berceau et la tombe, et le passé et l'avenir." And although it be given to few Scotchmen to paint this feeling with such exquisite delicacy, yet every worthy Caledonian fully and sincerely feels this sentiment, and nobly yields to its impression.

Miss S——, however, listened, cheerfully, to her sentence : it was banishment *frae Scotland* ! The Baillies, after giving her a most solemn lecture,

something 'twixt a homily and a judicial sentence, a speech full of stupidity and severity, gravely informed her, that, to her great disgrace, to her great punishment, to the dishonor of her name, and to the ruin of her character, she was to be banished *frae Scotland* for a her life, never more to put her foot on Scottish ground, never to behold her native soil, to which she was a blot and a dishonor. He, the senior Baillie, who was the spokesman, paused, took a pinch of snuff, and blew his nose. The Baillie, next in rotation in age and abilities, turned his quid in his mouth, and looked applause. The other Bailies shook their powdered heads, and it was *nihil nisi pulvis* amongst them. Then the senior Baillie being put to a

pinch for more rhetoric, and having exhausted the lesson which he had got by heart on the occasion, frowned, looked angry, and added ; “gang awa wi ye, ye limmer, and if ye be seen again in this good city, ye’ll be taen up and put in the Towbuith until ye be sent to Botany Bay : take her awa, constable.”

Half of his charge he had pronounced in vain, for she had not the smallest inclination to visit Auld Reekie any more ; and as for the sentence of banishment, she received it as a compliment, and retired with a stifled laugh, whilst all eyes were attentive to behold her departure from the court, and more than one was turned in admiration towards her.

“ She is a guid looking hissey,” cried a liquorish toothed magistrate, and then passed to the ordinary business of the day, to fining, confining, and to petty causes, and the hearing of petty quarrels; all of which was done *ex cathedra*, with the most senatorial dignity; each Baillie seeming to think that, from vending a *pot de chambre*, a flannel night-cap, or a pair of breeches, he was to pass to the dignity of the magistracy, from thence to the Lord Provost’s chair, and lastly, that he might be made a knight of, and thus be the first of his family: supported by a fat spouse, in a fire-red velvet pelisse, a peruke from Mr. Urquhart, and as many feathers in her head as there are counties in Scotland. To such an

extent does ambition go! such tricks does it play on the poor, tolerably honest, and very plain, shopkeeper of the guid toon o' Embry!

The Baillies, before parting, had a private conference on the danger of encouraging strangers; and it was carried, *nem. con.* "that every stranger should in future be suspected, and, until he had proved himself an honest man, be set down as a rogue." A second resolution was proposed, purporting "that the shopkeepers ought to charge an additional price to all strangers, lest one at any time should fail to pay, and thus the honest tradesman would be covered by the over-payment of the rest." This passed with one dissen-

tient voice. Lastly, it was proposed “to limit credit, and to extend the system of espionage through worthy Archy and his confederates, by which, when a south or west Briton came to *toon*, his means, his actions, and his secrets, might be *fund oot*, and his person might be watched.” This also was carried by a vast majority.

Lord Stone was now nearly sick of Edinburgh ; but he resolved to see the last scene of it. At his first arrival there, all had been pleasure, information, and hospitality ; but his connection with the bold adventuress in question had led him into scenes which otherwise he would never have known, into difficulties which he would other-

wise never have had to encounter, into a knowledge of things, which, without this strange combination of circumstances, he must have been for ever ignorant of. He had, by this means, seen a great deal of high life, and no small portion of low life. There remained after the court of justice, and the prison, but one scene more to contemplate: it was the abbey.

Thither, accompanied by a student, whose friend was a tenant of the sanctuary, he went. Hail, sanctuary, once the residence of the most unfortunate and beautiful of queens! Hail mansion, hallowed by misfortune, and ennobled by being the refuge of exiled and of suffering royalty—the palace,

and the asylum, both of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons, the protection of illustrious adversity, and the shelter of ruined nobility! There is a gravity, a decency, an antiquity in this abode, which strike the stranger with respect. The name of Holyrood, that blessed hope, the pride, the ambition, and the badge of thousands of christian knights, who fertilized the plains of Palestine with their blood, and who, braving death, sought for a better life under that sacred banner, must ever inspire veneration. But the appearance of a religious house; nay, even the existence of the rood or cross, is no longer to be found there, although a few yards higher up the Canon Gate, so called from having been the habitation of canons of

the church, there is a cross marked out in pavement, where a cross must formerly have stood. Crosses are numerous lower down in the sanctuary, but they are not of a holy nature.

The palace can contain but few families, and is not inhabited by debtors, although from time to time a few titled ones have had apartments lent them by the nobility to whom they belonged. But all round this building do unfortunate refugees pop out from wretched lodgings, like rabbits in a warren. Here have been all sorts of inhabitants, from the royal blood of France, the extravagant or benevolent ruined man of family and fashion, to the fraudulent bankrupt, the wild speculator, the un-

fortunate trader, or the profligate and prodigal rake and demirep. Here, at times, do want and starvation reign, weeping wives, and hungry babes, distracted husbands, and disappointed persons of all descriptions ; whilst, in the same scene, are mingled profligacy, drunkenness, and debauchery, revel, riot, and midnight orgies.

From the rugged ascent and barren hills surrounding this place of refuge, this middle state betwixt misfortune or extravagance, and final ruin, or whitewashing, you may see the pert milliner, the promiscuous house-drudge, and the intriguing intemperate wife, make assignation with the confined gallant, or the less nice soldier from an adjacent

barrack, meet and mislead the petty tradesman's daughter, or the publican's cook, and count his love-story to her on a cold stone, or by the fætid effluvia arising from a receiver of the town's impurities, near the *dummy dykes*. Here, on a Sunday, the female hypocrite passes from the kirk to the mountain rendezvous of illicit love; or perhaps a grave Baillie meets a *decent lassie wi her bible in her haund*, who is now tottering betwixt an honest servant or petty shop girl, and a town profligate or a discreet wet-nurse. Here may you see the broken heart and confined body walk about their ennui, and muse midst barrenness and ruins, casting a wistful look at the passing swallow, the free chirp and flight of the

sparrow, and pause upon the surrounding fertile and beautiful country, breathing liberty and cultivation, ease and opulence around.

Various are the groups ; opposite are the characters ; very diversified and contrasted are the views, the appearances, and the conduct of the individuals who are to be met with here. Many who have gone to this abode to settle their affairs, have paid the debt of nature before their other debts were discharged, or have so taken growth there, that they have become pillars of the palace, fixtures of their lodgings, and could not vegetate elsewhere. The honorable Mrs. N——, to wit, grown grey in this circumscribed spot, and rendered unfit

to be transplanted elsewhere; whilst others have worn out their enemies by time, or watched a favourable opportunity to migrate elsewhere, as a northern baronet, now abroad, well knows, and the former commander of a certain provincial legion can tell; whilst, strange to tell, the magistrate of the place, from locally attaching others, is locally attached himself, and must confine his practice (the law) to narrow limits. He may thank an Aberdonian nobleman for a lift towards this residence, but *n'importe*.

Of all the whimsical characters, however, of all the contrasts of good and of evil, of all the specimens of talent, extravagance, vice, generosity, dissipation,

and oddity, benevolence and eccentricity, that ever inhabited the Abbey limits, Mr. Surgery stands pre-eminent and alone. Perched in a garret there, he for years ruled the roast, controlled the fashion, drew the broad vulgar stare of the uneducated Scot, and attracted the smiles and notice of the erring and errant cyprian; whilst he lorded it at his hospitable board, and shone amongst the debtors, like Jupiter surrounded by his satellites; and although he be now no longer an inhabitant of these parts, having cleared himself by the white-washing act, and being now in a far distant hemisphere, yet there is no one who ever saw the Abbey, but must know this character, whose history, whose good qualities and

foibles, whose extensive debts, and whose extensive, often misapplied generosity, have been the theme of many a long hour. It becomes therefore quite a duty to paint him with the scene, otherwise it would be incomplete ; and to place him in the fore-ground of the picture, since he always was the most striking feature, and the most prominent figure thereof.

RICHARD CYDER-WINE SURGERY, Esq.

This most extraordinary character, who goes by the name of the king of the Abbey, is a strange mixture of good and bad, of talent and folly, of depravity and eccentricity. Bred to surgery and pharmacy, he would have

been an obscure apothecary at Bristol, but that Richard, like the king of that name, had too much ambition not to shine in any sphere; and he accordingly dressed extravagantly, played the buck, attended public meetings, roared out his politics (very loyal by the bye), sung very loud songs, and got very much in debt.

At length, credit running short, he resolved upon running away with an heiress. He got, as Paddy says, his own consent, and he did not much care about the lady's, whom he stole away in a very suspicious manner, whilst an infant in the sight of the law, that is to say in the chancellor's eye. After being married at Gretna Green, he fled

for a time to the continent, and underwent some oppression there, being arrested and imprisoned in Flanders for a time.

He now determined on returning home, and on standing his trial for stealing away a ward in Chancery. He did so, and was acquitted ; for his wife pleaded being a party to the affair, and all was right. Now it was “ Richard himself again.” Off set the apothecary, like the evaporation of hydrogen, all smoke and explosion—nothing could stop him : he took a house in Berkeley Square, hired ——— Park, drove four horses in his carriage, kept an open table, and soon again got deeply involved. His favourite companions were

men of the fancy, poor dissipated gentlemen, cock fighters, money lenders, and odd fellows. With these was Mr. Surgery at all in the ring, drinking, fighting, and revelling, morning, noon, and night. He next made an unsuccessful attempt at getting into parliament, and polled off about a dozen old women and children.

It became now time to retreat, which he effected in disorder to Montrose, where he astonished the weak minds of the natives, by being the hardest going generous fellow they had ever seen. A prison once more awaited him ; but he so kept it up there, that the prison would scarcely hold him. Its walls were nearly
the heat and motion of

its interior—by the orgies, and nocturnal libations poured out within; and, after terrifying the jailor, and keeping all his fellow-prisoners, he walked out triumphantly with three cheers from all the low population of the neighbourhood.

He astonished Edinburgh for a few days with a blaze of buckishness, and with the destruction of half a score of sconces and noses by his pugilistic feats, when debt again plunged him into the sanctuary. There, although his wife's West India property is a good ten thousand per annum, he is limited to a very narrow allowance; his wife having a separate income, and a separate house in town. Yet does this sin-

gular character manage, in his sky parlour, to give his public dinners, to entertain the whole abbey, to sport his flag, flying, lashed to the chinney-pot, on all days of public rejoicings, to support a regular mistress, and to pension off two others—the one on full, the other on half pay, to portion off his concubines in marriage as they either fall off in their charms, or from their allegiance, to sport a huge man servant, and to set the fashions in the abbey, being carried to bed drunk every night, and giving money and medical advice to the poor gratis at his levee every morning.

His morning muster, and accounts with his cabinet minister, Peter the

Great, his domestic, are curious enough. How much money, Peter? None.—What wine in the cellar? None.—Won't the merchant tick? No, sir, none of them; I have tried seven.—What says the butcher? He swears that he'll arrest you.—He be d——d; tell him, that I'll knock his brains out, if he don't send me a sirloin of beef, and two legs of mutton: the sirloin for self and dinner party, the two legs of mutton for Peg and Jane. Bess must have her dinner from the ticking fishmonger. Then go to ———, the wine merchant, and give him my honour, that he shall have per centage, and an additional security, provided he send me in a dozen of wine, and a barrel of whiskey, for this day's consumption.

To-morrow I shall write a pathetic letter to our lawyer, and obtain ready money for that day's expenditure. Go to my chancellor, Mr. L——, and borrow a guinea for my pensioners; and make my apologies to the decentest of my duns for non-payment, inviting them to dinner this day. Yes, sir, (and wonderful to tell) it was done.

Now bring my clean shirt and other linen, my boots, new coat, *et cetera*: promise the tailor fair; and send in the poor. Yes, sir, but the washerwoman won't leave your linen.— Oh! go and tell her I want to speak to her in private, and hint that I mean to do something for her. Yes, sir.—The linen appears. Sir, the boot-

maker won't leave your boots. Give me the red-hot poker. The boots are left. Yes, sir; but I have not had my own breakfast, and I am without a farthing of money, and eighteen months of arrears, (symptoms of grumbling.) —You be shot. Here, sell my second best coat, and pawn my new leather breeches; get drunk, and be merry (you and your mistress) with it whilst it lasts, and put twenty per cent. upon your wages due. Now dress me, and go to hell until dinner-time if you like: lock my door two hours against duns; and then send my poems (pretty things too, all sentiment and madness) to the printer. I shall then walk on the hills, meet the little milliner, get a speech

by-heart, to retail after dinner, and then return to the festive board.

“Then who’d be grave,
Since wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking?” &c.

This is a true picture of the original, without addition or improvement.

BAILLIE CORBEAU.

This is a truly worthy but unfortunate man, who, from having a good landed property of his own, has been obliged to take refuge in the sanctuary, where he now presides, not only as a magistrate but as a resident. His encumbrances arise from good-nature, and the ambition of being a great man’s

shade, or rather from the pride of being a knight's companion.

He has a rare troop to look after, some of which may fairly be called wolves in sheep's clothing; but the gentle shepherd does his best to please all parties, from John M. the saucy gardener, a man of much importance *sur le lieu*, up to the resident baronets and his drunken deputy, formerly Lord A——'s clerk.

Baillie Corbeau is far superior in birth and education to the higher Bailies in the *toon cooncil*; and although his authority is confined and circumscribed in every sense, yet is he more liberal, less puffed up with the inflation

of emptiness, less self-sufficient, and less self-createdly important, than his brother Baillies of the town; for he never crows over the unfortunate, although from his local position he might crow upon his own dung-hill: such is the hot-bed of vice which the precincts of old Holyrood furnish.

Poor Corbeau is but a weak brother, although a truly honest man. Had he foreseen his lot, he certainly might have kept some property and some power also in his own hands: but calamities will come on some people; and no man ever was gifted with less foresight than he; no one ever less provided for the future; and although he ought to have predicted what his paper connection

with a certain noble would have produced, it cannot be said of him

“ *Sæpe sinistra cava predixit ab illice Cornix.*”

SIR WILLIAM FITZ-JOHN

Is a hard living, a hard drinking, a hard bottomed, and a hard used man. He has a very fine property (we don't say in Aberdeenshire), which he, very much like a gentleman, encumbered; and his merciless creditors, unwilling to listen to any fair terms, acted with all possible severity towards him, and hampered him to the utmost of their power. Under this pressure, he retired to the Abbey, but took care to save his bacon before he went there; having

always a *pig-num amoris* by his side to keep him warm and comfortable. The baronet also took care not to want company in his retreat, and so brought in with him his lawyer and friend, who is not only thus attached to him, but legally attached to the spot itself. These are certainly local prejudices.

The baronet is a very jolly, good fellow, and as hospitable as a prince; but he is a dead good hand at making a match. At his outset in life, he married an old woman with plenty of money; although even then much attached to his present wife;—but they had the worldliness to put off their engagement until the first wife departed. Then, too, the banking old father had

grown richer, and the then captain (in the king's or queen's; it matters not which regiment) became a baronet; and then the second match was as advantageous, and more agreeable than the first.

He has a numerous fine family by his present wife, and lives very comfortably; barring an ugly story about a soldier's wife, and some trips on errands of gallantry to the aforesaid in East Lothian, snugly lodged not an hundred miles from Sir William's residence there. The party, however, has now taken up with a gamekeeper: game to the last, we see!

When the grand bustle came on, and

the baronet was obliged to leave this residence, in order to avoid being apprehended on a suspicion of debt, all was kiss and make it up ; all was forgiven if not forgotten ; and the whole establishment, dwarf footboy and all, were safely removed to the palace of Holyrood, where they carry on the war comfortably enough, but not quite so stylishly as when the baronet had a regiment, nor so quietly as when he was in parliament, nor so affluently as in the time of the old woman. But most men may say with the baronet, whose winter is at hand, and who has had his day as well as any of the gayest of them :

“ Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.”

SIR F. B.

Venerable in appearance, old in family, respectable in point of situation, and gifted with a most noble property, a splendid mansion, extensive domain, great territorial consequence, and every thing that might render a man happy and important at home, this wrong-headed baronet, after standing stubbornly out against a creditor, resisting payment, travelling through all the delays and difficulties of the law, prefers vegetation in an obscure apartment in the sterile wilds which the abbey and park present, to making a settlement. He chooses rather to dwell in obscurity here, in a strange town, and in a still

stranger place, than to cut off the cause of his difficulties, and, after retrenching, to live still in a degree of county magnificence, and family comfort; thus voluntarily submitting himself to divers inconveniences, to unavoidable disrepute, and to constant uncomfортableness.

He has buried, it is true, a fortune under an expensive building, and has not only brought an old house upon his head, but has brought a new house upon his heart, and thus squandered cart-loads of money. Yet it is obstinacy, more than this cause, that confines him to his present abode; and it must be allowed, that as vice and folly, love making, and debauchery, do not

become grey hairs, so do debt, confinement, and bankruptcy, ill become the venerable front of age, which should ever wear the placidity of justice and equity, accompanied by the dignity of experience. An aged debtor, or a prisoner bent double with years, are painful sights, and must invariably inspire either pity or contempt.

MADAME GENERAL.

This is the divorced wife of a magistrate of the north, who owes her first seduction from conjugal faith (she says) to Lord Marmor, the leading feature of whose face is depressed. She has, however, strangely wandered, and fallen, since the period of the peer's

admiration, and has been the wife of many husbands ; or rather the partner of many a couch. After getting her debts paid by a bishop's son, a lieutenant-colonel of dragoons, draining the pockets of many friends, and cancelling many debts, she fixed her affections on a tall strapping ensign, the worthless son of an honest serjeant and an old midwife, on whom she squandered the remnant of her means and of her beauty, and to whom she gave the last extinguishing spark of decency.

To support this wretch, did she write volumes of mendicant letters ; make claims to the benevolence of scores of her countrymen ; till withered in her charms, shunned by

her acquaintance, forgotten by her paramours, disgraced and broken down, she vegetates in poverty, whilst the reprobate who took advantage of her weakness, and lived on her means, has been transported for forgery. Yet does it appear but the other day that she was young and blooming; that she sported her well-turned ankle in all public places; that she flung her light fingers, and graceful arm, over her sweetly sounding harp; that she captivated all around her; that she shone at Lady W. C——'s routs in London, and appeared in the gayest circles in the north; that she enjoyed consideration, and kept good company.

A few fleeting years have made dire

havoc with her. She is now reduced below contempt, and serves as an awful lesson of what vice, vanity, and prodigality, may achieve ; exhibiting a further proof, that when woman falls, however bright or brilliant her former station in life, however exalted her sphere, when once left, it can never be regained : and

“ She falls like stars that set to rise no more.”

Poor old Mr. L——, one of her quondam admirers, now no more, could he look up, what would he think of her present degraded situation ! what would the artillery blade say !

THE HONORABLE MRS. MATCHLESS.

This fat old lady, the very pillar of the Abbey, who, like a spider, prefers living in a dirty web to breathing purer air, and inhabiting a freer region, is the widow of a general officer, of so illustrious a family, that he draws his matchless name from the feats of his valiant ancestors in the crusades, who were matched by none of their day. The expensive and generous turn of her husband, added to her own Highland hospitality and want of economy, involved the worthy general exceedingly, and were the means of his being confined a third of his life to the

sanctuary, where his liberal widow got him local attachment for the spot.

No one could be more popular than her excellent husband ; and when he died, it might be said of him, in the language of honest Ben Jonson :

“ He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and an honest friend.”

Her own popularity is not small, but then it descends too much to the populace ; and she is so little nice in her friendships and in her society, that the most flawed female characters, and the most contemptible clerks, apprentices, and half gentlemen, form the companions of her leisure hours. With them, forgetting the dignity of her house, the respect that ought to be attached to

age, all she owes to herself, aye, and what she owes to her tradesmen, will she consume the night, and by the wasting taper amuse herself with scandal, with low ribaldry, and with the amatory tales and songs of paltry unknown and unnoticed boys.

These buzzing insects are ever around her, and hide her thus from the notice of her equals, corrupt her taste, and make her company quite unpalatable to people of more delicate minds, to those of more chaste and scrupulous conduct. More than one Light-body, male and female, abuse her generosity, and divide her scanty means, rendered more insufficient by the want of order on her part, and the disorder of her

unworthy dependants and subaltern acquaintance. The best advice to this lady would be to remember the family motto of her departed spouse.

MR. LACK-WIT,

Whose father had great property in Berkshire, married, early in life, a very good and amiable woman without fortune. His own extravagance soon encumbered him; and being bedeviled by the tribes of Juda and of Benjamin, he was forced to brush and take the country, as he called it, to avoid their exchequering his corpus, and tipping him the chancellor. In the disguise of a coachman, or rather very much in character in that costume, he drove the

mail down to Edinburgh, and lodged himself in the Abbey.

Tired of the monotony and confinement of the Abbey, he run up to town with his friend's mistress, and contrived soon to get into the Bench, whence he made an offer to the baker (for she was originally a baker's wife) to take back his goods again; but he was crusty on the subject, and refused. Lack-wit got liberated by the act; started again in high form; thought it "all right;" kept the Master of the Roll's wife in high feather; and acquired the very noble and creditable name of the Old Swell, whilst a worthy companion of his went by the name of the Young Swell.

In the sporting give and take of these flash and fancy swells, or prime toppers, the Young Swell used the freedom to run off with *La Boulangère* ; upon which the Old Swell took back his legitimate bride. He soon, however, got into the Bench again, where he carried on pretty bobbish, by the assistance of some of his tradesmen, who gave him an allowance, on condition that he was not to throw them over. Once more he emerged, and good-naturedly gave his acceptance to Long for an old claim, the amount of which was considerable ; but when it became due, he found himself wholly unable to provide for it. Being cruelly persecuted in consequence ; and, not knowing which way to turn, without

consulting any one, he gave himself up to despair and to drink.

One day he got notoriously intoxicated from vexation: he disappeared; he was missed; and at length discovered dead in a stable. Thus ended his career, where it began. He had lived amongst horses and dogs for the most part of his life; he had long been going to rack; and the last breath which he drew, was, like his last bill—dishonored!

His Epitaphion, by a brother whip.
Be it known to Young Swell, and the rest of the
 pack,
That Old Swell, who long had been going to
 rack,
Carried on to the end, and when no longer able,
Drove bang up to the mark, and broke down in
 a stable!

MADAME LE JEUNE.

This is as artful a piece of goods as ever was manufactured in the shape of woman ; and, although she is a gazetted cyprian, such is her cunning, that she deceives the learned and the unlearned, and draws from each the profits of her artifice.

The late cumbrous *bon vivant*, with protuberent paunch, and legs swaithed in cotton, Mc. D——, of G——land, a member of parliament, and a person who had all his life kept the very first society ; nay, had been honored with the friendship of the Prince ; was, although a travelled man, and hacknied in the wares both of Rascals and of

Venus, the dupe of her fertile brain. He was convinced that he had the honour of being within three months of becoming a parent, from his amatory conversation with this fascinating lady, and was lavish of his treasure on the interesting occasion, as well as during the six affecting months which were occupied in the performance of this farce. Nay, so fond was the old lover of the child of his brain, that he ever after respected, considered, and assisted the fair personifier of maternity.

At another time she fastened on a *soi disant* major, and drained his coffers, meeting him in perfect disguise, and with much precaution, secrecy, and trouble, until the major turned out to

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be a traveller, or rider to a mercantile house, a mere bagman, but who turned out his pockets to her, and probably turned out a rascal to his employer.

She professed to be the wife of an officer, whilst she was mistress, *a titre*, to the eccentric Mr. Surgery; but, though she melodiously sung Moore's melodies, and particularly

“ Mary, I believed thee true,

And I was bless'd in so believing,” et cetera. or repeated romantic passages from plays, or quotations from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, to her abbey paramour; yet, while she fancied herself *Eloise*, and him (doubtless) *Abelard*, she was singing,

“ Whilst I hang on your bosom, distracted to
lose you;

in a house near the North Bridge, without the negative accompaniment of, “No, my love, no;” and spouting most affectingly and theatrically to more than one Johnny Raw of an admirer, from whom she fled nocturnally to pay her usual devotions to the happy Mr. Surgery. On one of these occasions, she met Mrs. O——, of the theatre royal —, in London, whose performance there that night (near the North Bridge, that is) was very unexpected, and intended to have been unknown. Madame Le Jeune is not without much talent, particularly imitative powers; and she sings, speaks, and reads well.

Whilst noticing the house near the North Bridge, it must be observed,

that from this abode has often been seen issuing the hoary-headed Sir Alexander ———, the abandoned dentist, the hypocritical English parson M——, the reverend Doctor ——— Anglus, now removed to another town, Captain Mc. ———, and the proud capitalist of the square; the latter to meet a lusty cook wench, ever having domestic and general economy in view. Here did a certain major's tall daughter disgrace her family; and not very far from this haunt of love, from a certain cavern deep and horrible, did a certain modern Orpheus lead his Euridice triumphantly. But what a scandal to find in haunts like these

Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors
mix'd.

MILTON.

LADY MARY ———.

The *soi disant* Lady Mary — who long inhabited a garret in the precincts of Holyrood House, is the daughter of a naval officer, whose shoemaker-looking son calls himself a lord. The countess was a nurse, or a washerwoman ; and has the appearance of either or both. The poor worthy father (whether entitled to the earldom or not) is to be pitied very much ; for he has a large family, and very small means of supporting them ; and he must be blind indeed to his daughters' errors, else he could not countenance their proceedings.

Lady Mary is rather pretty, but her sister is dark, coarse, and vulgar-looking, with more of a gentleman-like than a lady-like appearance. These right honorable sisters are by no means proud: they are neither nice in their taste, nor squeamish as to the company which they keep; nor are they difficult of access, or long in getting acquainted with, being equally amorous, though not equally comely. It was a monstrous and abominable shame to see these two females living by themselves in the shabby lodging alluded to, and forming casual acquaintances, and thus dishonoring an old and noble name, a parent, and brothers, all serving, or having served their country.

Nothing can be more degrading to their relations than the conduct of these two females ; and it is to be hoped that these lines will meet their eyes, and, from their exposure, operate to reclaim them. In one of Lady Mary's amorous adventures, a very singular *exposè* took place. The lady sister, making a riot at the door, it was broken open, and a certain Hibernian captain (a married man too) was *discovered* in an elegant undress by the *toute aimable* Lady Mary's side, who, with the utmost composure apologized to her sister for locking her out, and walked off with the bold captain to other quarters. leaving her sister ladyship in possession of her apartment. Certainly, if their father should succeed in recovering the

earldom, these ladies will be most delightful appendages to the peerage.

GEORGE B——, ESQ.

This youth, whose length, whose awkwardness, and whose unsuccessful attempts at wit and eccentricity, constitute all his merit and notoriety, and who is a pillar of all concerts and other public places, is the natural son of a proud capitalist.

The father, who has a covey of natural children, sisters to *Geordy* (as he is called in Edinburgh), although very fond of him, will not bestow either on him or his sisters his own name, and keeps a separate establishment for

them, in order to increase his own importance, and to show to the world that they are not his legitimate offspring. This misplaced pride casts a blot upon his children, and excludes the females from high polished society : for it is not in Scotland, as in England, where, if a man be well bred, well dressed, and pay his way, no one knows or cares a fig about his pedigree or his legitimacy. On the contrary, bastardy in Scotland is held as a slur, and looked down upon accordingly.

Another ill-managed thing in George's concerns is the excessive penury of his father, which, whilst it allows him two horses and a groom, dresses him well, and franks him to all public places, yet

denies him any pocket money, or the means of doing as other young men do, and keeps him out of all the liberal professions, and uncertain as to his further expectations. He is therefore merely a well dressed idler, and a good performer on the violoncello, with a wish, but without the means, of becoming a *beau* as well as a *bow*.

This combination of circumstances keeps down the young man, and leads him, as might naturally be expected, into meanness ; for he would be obliged to any one who would lend him a crown, and would associate with any one where he can drink gratis. You may see him diurnally walking with the eccentric Mr. Richard Cyder Wine Surgery,

from whom he borrows coarse wit, and disfigures it still more in the retailing of it. He is just the cut of an Edinburgh buck ; or, in other words, he is half educated, half bred, half informed, and half mannered. He has conceit enough to be troublesome ; but not taste or style enough to be either useful or ornamental.

MR. SIN.

The tall thin carter's whip-like looking figure, who so often parades through the Abbey Park, and thence down to the sea-side, at Leith, or at Portobello, is Mr. Sin, the lawyer, a man high in his profession, if measured by a foot rule, but under mediocrity, if weighed

in the scale of talent, or valued by sterling worth. His pride is to be considered as a very handsome likeness of the immortal William Pitt, and he has the vanity to say, that he considers himself as dame nature's master-piece, and that, if he thought there was a handsomer man than himself in the world he would blow his brains out.

As to the first remark, whilst it shows great selfishness, it is treating nature very ill indeed; and as for the second rash vow, it is very doubtful whether he could put it into execution. He might, to be sure, blow off the top of his head; but as for brains, if brain constitute intellect, he might (for he is a professional man) sue out a *non est*

inventus, and judgment would be passed in absence.

It is said, that he seduced a poor little pretty girl, who lost her senses in consequence, and who is well known in the streets of Edinburgh, whimsically dressed, and fancying herself a shepherdess, innocent, half-witted, and sad to see. This is betwixt him and a higher power, from whose court there is no appeal. If it be so, all that can be said is, that villainy is added to vanity, and turpitude is very closely linked with folly. On what account is not known, but he walks like contempt alone.

MRS. POLYANDRIA.

The person who walks so often in the Abbey Park is Mrs. Polyandria. Had she belonged to the vegetable instead of the animal world, she would have been more in her element, and perhaps might have grown with more propriety, than in the sphere of life in which her birth and fortune seemed to destine her to move, but which her amatory turn, and very humble choice, not to say promiscuous regard, soon induced her to quit.

She is the daughter of a baronet; and Lady G—, her mother, was a woman of great family pride, and good conduct.

But Miss soon longed to get out of the shackles of education, and to tread nature's walks, as uncontrolled as possible. She accordingly first married her writing master, a mere boy ; and with him she lived in perpetual jar, in mutual upbraidings, in no excess of constancy, and in much pecuniary difficulty, until he sunk into an early grave, and left her neither lonely nor disconsolate.

A baronet, whose name may be found in Virgil, in an eclogue, which begins

“ Dic mihi Damæta ? ”

and who dropt down dead in a ball-room, occupied her affections for a time,

whether divided or otherwise (without the marriage ceremony) is most uncertain ; but certain it is, that she afterwards married a man employed by him, (it is believed as a groom) but undeniably as a rough rider in the regiment, who had been a private in the Life Guards, and who was eye-witness to her intrigue with his Lieutenant-Colonel.

This honorable military character, who had been bred a weaver, attained however all at once, without promotion or otherwise, after the reduction of the fencible corps of cavalry, in which he had been a non-commissioned officer and rough rider, (or some say livery servant to Sir John) to the rank of a captain in the Scotch militia, which

rank he held, not by virtue of his wife, but by virtue of her lands in the county.

With him, as with the former domestic, jars and mutual upbraidings went on briskly, accompanied by most opprobrious names; but the quondam corporal could not forget his old tricks, and he accordingly inflicted, very frequently, corporal punishment on the captain's lady, his own most duteous and loving wife. She took a hand against him; but the old rough rider, who had been used to vicious mares, beat in the long run, and came off victorious.

He also died a very sudden death,

accelerated by whiskey. As before, she neither became lonely nor disconsolate, but, in the true spirit of a militia man's wife, she provided a substitute without loss of time.

She now prepared to marry a third time, and balanced for a moment betwixt a respectable elderly man of some property, and a brisk young good looking officer of marines. She soon, however, did him the exalted favour of bestowing her often bestowed favours on him ; for youth, strength, and good looks, won the day. What fate may await the marine, who, doubtless having doubled Cape Horn at some period of his services, is not easily frightened, remains yet to be shewn : but certainly

he must be a man of courage. His good lady is very free in her manners, which may be a recommendation to a lover of liberty, or of liberties ; for, in these matters, a fair give and take suits a liberal taste. If so, the fond couple may be very happy. If otherwise, the domestic jars, the mutual upbraidings, the recriminations, et cetera, et cetera, nay, perhaps the military discipline, may begin again.

One happy change, however, is, that after various husbands, and various favorites, various quarrels, and various fights, sudden changes of circumstances, and sudden deaths, her encumbered property has recovered itself, and she is in possession of some thousands per

annum, and enabled, in the decline of life, to amuse her husband with a song to the tune of

Happy ! happy ! happy pair,
None but the brave, none but the brave,
 none but the brave
Deserve the fair !!!
* O! *terque quaterque* beati.

* The *terque* applies most faithfully to the husband ; and perhaps the *quaterque* may be yet in store for this lady, whose respect for matrimony has never allowed her to be long out of that thrice happy state.

MR. ALLTRADES, THE BANKER.

This would-be gentleman, looking about for some of his debtors in the Abbey, is at the head of assurance. He is a banker, an editor, a money-lender, and a speculator. In the last line but one he got into a law-suit for taking too little interest for his money; and his character was not materially benefited by the transaction. Few men have more ambition; and none possess more innate vulgarity. He is the most close-fisted barbarian imaginable; and yet would he play the gentleman.

His son also sets up for a buck; and, like the *Parvus Julius* of this *Pius Pa*

ter Æneas, he may be said to tread nearly in his steps—

Sequiturque patrum non passibus equis ;

for no money-lending transaction stands on record against him. Old close-fist had a brother, who was a knight of Malta, and who failed, doubtless against the grain ; but my nephew, from being a grocer's boy, is a major, and had his jacket laced by a mad captain in the streets, who punished him for sticking up for a gentleman. The beaten major declined fight, but brought the captain to a court-martial.

The banker's daughters also must be genteel, and they strum on the harp ; whilst pa applauds himself for raising

up a family so much above themselves, and for turning his money to such good account.

These upstart instances of emerging from nothingness into consequence, and into a sort of high-life, are very frequent in the Caledonian capital, where a little money will buy a great deal of consequence, and where prosperity covereth a multitude of sins. Another capitalist, who is dead, and whose property was immense, sprung literally from the dirt, as his grandfather swept the streets, and ran of errands as a porter. Respect, however, for a very amiable family, now extraordinarily opulent, which he has left behind him, is a motive for suppressing his name; but if

Mr. Alltrades flourish long, and keep out of law-suits, he promises to be a rival in riches, though not in gentility, with any commoner in the kingdom of Scotland.

WANDERING WILLIE.

The odd fish, who is so often seen trotting down from the High School, through the park, et cetera, is a teacher, and very worthy to be a rector. He is an excellent Latinist, and a well-read man ; but of very singular habits, and very much given to wandering about the world, perhaps as a peripatetic philosopher. He has very much facilitated the mode of teaching, and has published some elementary works of great utility.

In the vacation, this wanderer takes his flight, and is quite in his element, He has winged his way in many a direction ; and, during the war, when the continent was in a manner shut up, he used to pay a visit to our army on the continent. On one of these occasions, his taste for travelling led him a great way ; for he ventured to go as far as the Pyrenees. There he outstayed his usual time ; and meeting with unforeseen delays and difficulties, he was too late for the opening of his class, when some wag announced his being captured by the French : but the usher of the black rod at last appeared, to the discomfiture of some of the High School truants, who were humorously chaunting :

“ Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
“ Here awa, there awa, had awa, hame ;”

and he resumed his usual duties, and his usual discipline. Willie had once nearly been ruined by a nephew ; but in spite of that circumstance he has scraped together a good deal o’siller ; and he *noo kens weel hoo to tak care o’t*. When relaxing from his school duties, and from the assumed consequence and gravity of all pedagogues, he is an intelligent, a pleasant, and a learned man ; and it is but justice to him to say, that the High School has much benefited by his exertions. Much is, however, yet to dō . there is yet a scantiness of learning, and a narrowness of education, which requires great extension. Greek is still but in an infant

state ; and it is there, as at the *coouncil-chawmer*, that the interference and importance of the Baillies cramp and spoil every thing.

MR. SHARK, THE LAWYER.

“ *Iterum crispinus.* ”

This individual was bred to the shoe-making line, as it is called ; but from cobbling soles, he, like the notorious M. D. of the same trade, aspired to be on a higher footing in society ; and he accordingly left the lapstone, and took to studying the law,—probably because at his own trade he could not make both ends meet.

From the leathern apron, he then

aspired to the long robe, and studied so hard, that he made himself perfectly master of the old Roman law, is very deep in ancient clauses, provisions, customs and usages of courts of justice, and possesses an immensity of craft, art, and low cunning.

Whether, however, from his squalid and horrible appearance, or from his low origin, is not known, but he has never been able to gain any celebrity, or to make his fortune, although men of meaner abilities have passed him by. At the same time, he contrives to live in a very superior style to what he did in his last trade.

He is positively the ugliest faced

man in Europe; having a short, square, ill-hewn body, on which is fixed the head of a bull, in point of magnitude, and of a dolphin in point of hideousness. He is mauled, seamed, and darned over the cheeks with the small pox, and presents such an aperture in form of a mouth, that he can certainly swallow any thing.

One day, when bathing in the sea at Leith, he popped up his deformity from under the keel of a boat, at which the affrighted fisherman sprung up, and was going to harpoon him, exclaiming, "What the hell are you?" "I'm a lawyer," replied Crispinus. "D—n you, I took you for a shark," said the fisherman, "and I can hardly believe

my eyes now : if you had not spoken, you were a dead man." This effort to keep his head above water, succeeded so ill, that he relinquished the bathing system, and lives above ground in all the warmth of native dirt and deformity.

First impressions are so strong, that (it is said) he very often, in his briefs or pleadings, *smells strong of the shop*, and resorts to shoemaking expressions, such as, " my client, in *whose shoes I stand* ; this clause, binding as it is," although the worthy practitioner appear-eth to "*wax warm*;" and then he talks of "*mending the matter*," and of "*vamping up a bad cause*," et cetera, et cetera.

But the lords on the bench do not like to countenance him much, and generally disapprove of the features of his case; so that there is no probability of his ever reaching the top of his profession; although he cannot be called a “*monstrum horrendum in forme ingens cui lumen ademptum est*,” having more lights than many of his more comely brethren. The first part of the description, however, most faithfully suits him.

Such is the eccentric Surgery: such the jolly inhabitants, visitors, or passers through the Abbey. Lord S— now prepared to leave Scotland; but

he had not visited the university of Aberdeen; he had left many things unseen and unexplored in the more northern regions of Scotland; and he resolved, ere he quitted a country which he might perchance never behold again, to carry away with him as much information as possible; for he was well aware that he had lost much of his time, and that the adventures in which he had unwillingly been involved were calculated only to mislead him in his views of mankind; or rather, to speak the truth more fully, he had not, until this moment, sufficiently considered the important subject. He had, however, made one great step towards wisdom, namely the knowledge of his

own want of it; for as Boileau most truly observes in his satires :

“ Le plus sage est celui qui ne pense point l’être.”

Or, as a very able and very dissipated *Roué*, the Comte de B. wrote to a friend :

“ Allons, j’étais assez bête pour croire que j’avais de l’esprit ; maintenant, j’ai assez d’esprit pour voir combien j’étais bête.”

This incipient self-knowledge was the most useful acquirement which his lordship was possessed of. He accordingly got letters of introduction, and prevailed upon a very amiable and well-informed friend to accompany him

in his last trip to the more northern part of Scotland, of which he was hitherto ignorant, resolving to look at men and manners, instead of prospects and towns, and to study the living book of the world, instead of wasting his time on tourists' conceits, and on light and unprofitable reading.

He had observed, and was delighted with the observation, that in the most remote and solitary situations of Scotland, in sterile islands, “*Penitus toto orbe divisas*,” he had met with an easy urbanity, the plainness and sincerity of which outshone the studied politeness of the capital ; and a genuine warm hospitality, not arising from the effect which a title, or a letter of intro-

duction, produced, but purely emanating from a cheerful mind, and from an open and unsuspecting heart; and he longed once more to live with nature, and to spend a few days where truth and simplicity were to be found in their native purity. He was most happy in a companion ; for he was no other than the worthy and well read Arthur Ponder.

CHAPTER VI.

**My Lord Stone's Adieu to Edinburgh.—
Miss S's. Exit from that Town.—Divers
Opinions formed of her.—Aberdeen.—
Journey to London.—Miss S— again.—
Surprise of Lord Stone.—Regret, &c.—
The Conclusion.**

CHAPTER VI.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

HORACE.

MEN in general chuse for their travelling companion a stupid *domino*, a poor clergyman, whose head is filled with writing his own tour, with Greek and Latin quotations, with Oxford or Cambridge knowledge, and with the expectation of church promotion from the great man whose bear-leader he is ; or they chuse a mere linguist, who is a mechanical interpreter ; or, finally, they chuse a jolly fellow, who con-

trives to keep himself and friend drunk from the first post on the road to their return after the voyage or ~~year~~, and who observes nothing but the goodness or badness of wine, ale, fish, poultry, or butchers' meat, and the treatment at the inns on the road.

Lord Stone would formerly have liked such a companion very well; but he now began to see that much more than this was required in a fellow-traveller; and he never could have made a more fortunate election than in the person of Arthur Ponder, who had not only seen many cities and countries, but had observed many men, studied their manners, and knew how to appreciate both. They now set out together in even spi-

rits ; for the experience which Lord Stone had bought had regulated the variability of his temper and spirits, and had substituted mildness to levity, and tranquillity to rude mirth. The remembrance of the *soi disant* Honorable Miss Stanhope was not likely to be soon effaced from his mind ; and he now examined men, as well as women, more closely than heretofore, ere he ventured on friendships, and much less on attachments.

He now bid adieu to Edinburgh, after seeing his quondam flame past the limits of the city. He could only condemn her whenever he bestowed a thought upon her ; and yet, so strange is the human mind, that he felt deep

interest in her fate: he gave her the best advice, which she promised faithfully to observe: he requested her to write to him, with a promise, that if he found her doing well, he would yet assist and further her views. She most positively, plaintively, and emphatically, assured him, that she would write him often, a plain, simple, and undisguised account of her life.

Arthur Ponder assured his friend that he need not look for veracity from her pen any more than from her lips; and that little good might be expected from her, although it was but charitable to hope the best; and although a generous and feeling heart never can repent an action done with the view of

promoting virtue and of reclaiming vice. Lord Urbane prognosticated, that with such talent, such attraction, and such inordinate ambition, she would yet come to something great. Lord Ossian said, "Poor young woman, let us hope for the best!" Whilst Lady Urbane meekly and genteelly asserted, that she was certain that she would come to the gallows.

In all this diversity of opinion, and variety of sentences passed on the erring fair, Lord Stone entertained strong expectations that this unfortunate female would be reclaimed, and yet become a good member of society; that his friendly hand would help her to a better fate, and to a better life;

and that he might yet enjoy the proudest thought of a manly heart, that of having saved a defenceless woman. Who was the most right in conjecture, who best foretold her doom, will appear in the sequel ; but Lord Stone and Mr. Ponder are arrived at Aberdeen ; and as their stay will be but short, they must make the most they can of it ; and Aberdeen is worth being known as well as being seen.

Mr. Ponder, whose learning and amiability gained him friends every where, introduced his companion to professors C—— and M'L——, in whom they found a store of erudition and of information ; and they pored over ancient, rare, and valuable books and manu-

scripts at the Marischal College. The former professor exhibited many beautiful chemical operations, in order to amuse the young lord ; and the latter entertained them in the true style of Highland hospitality. Both of these gentlemen most eminently blend the *utile et dulci*; and, by their polished manners and friendly attentions, rendered Lord Stone's *sejour* at Aberdeen uncommonly happy. The society of such men as the professors, and Mr. Ponder, was calculated to instruct and to edify ; and all Lord Stone's acquaintances observed that his lordship was quite another man on his return (the second time) from the north ; nay, that that short tour had effected more in improving his mind than the extensive tour

on the continent, from which he was but a few months returned—so necessary is it to have an enlightened guide on these occasions.

Aberdeen has sent many bright men into all the learned professions; and it is most creditable to that city to see what a thirst for learning exists in it. The improvements of the town testify much taste and public spirit; whilst the curious observer may, in this frigid and far distant place, find as much warmth, and as much improvement, as in the heart of the most central, most polished, and most affluent metropolis in the world.

After experiencing much friendship,

and much politeness, from all the professors, from the neighbouring gentlemen, and from the worthy provost, they left Aberdeen for the friendly Highlands again ; and after a short renewal of friendship with the worthy inhabitants of the mountains, and of the Isles, they returned to London, where they separated, but where they never ceased to meet occasionally ; for, from the moment that Lord S. and Mr. Ponder had lived together, his worth had endeared him to his companion ; and an attachment was formed, which distance and time can never diminish, much less disunite.

Both of them left the north with the deepest impressions of esteem and

regard for its inhabitants, with the warmest gratitude for their kind and hospitable reception, and with the most pleasing remembrance of uninterrupted happiness, during their short but interesting tour.

During the very pleasant journey of Lord Stone and Mr. Ponder, the discourse turned on their meeting at the professor's, and of the good old Lord Urbane's house, being a receptacle for worth and talent in every department and line of life. Mr. Ponder took occasion here to observe, that there were two men whom he had not seen there, and who, notwithstanding, are men of much merit—the one of great professional abilities. the other the most be-

nevolent character which the world can produce, a real unaffected philanthropist, and not only generally, but deeply read. He named them separately; and the first was Mr. C. S. a very generally known, and most popular character.

His universal benevolence is too well known in his country to need a remark. It is easy, sincere, unqualified, and truly liberal; having neither nationality, party prejudice, religious or political bigotry, family feeling, or servility of any kind. He is well skilled in natural history, on which subject he has published a most useful work, and is a member of the Wernerian Natural History Society. He is moreover well in-

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formed on all subjects of science, and is a favorite in all learned and literary circles. No man can be more sincerely, nor more generally respected ; nor can any one be more deserving of this distinction. Far different from Baillie Speech, from the quizzical professor, stupidly proud magistrate, or the formal teacher: he is at once the man of letters, and the man of the world, the companion full of urbanity, and yet the perfect man of mind and of science, mild and moderate in his opinions, a good citizen, and a good member of society.

Nor does he solemnly or unsocially shun public amusements, or deem the accomplishments which lead to pleasure

beneath his notice. No one has done more for the harmony of his city than himself, particularly by supporting the concerts, and other musical fêtes and entertainments, by encouraging and assisting foreign artists and performers, and by indulging personally in his love for music. To the established Italian concertanti of Edinburgh he has rendered essential service.

Indeed, he has on all occasions shewn public spirit, backed by private worth. He is a proof, that whatever walk of life a man be placed in, if he have talent, and be gifted with all the social virtues, he will be an ornament and an honor to that sphere, will be worthy of the friendship of the very highest

characters in the kingdom, and will not fail to gain the esteem of men of science and of discernment, in whatever quarter of the globe he may be placed. His predecessor in the same line was also a most respectable character ; but no one ever enjoyed more consideration than himself.

MR. A-

Was the second person named by Mr. Ponder, a man profound in his profession, but as little versed in worldly knowledge as an infant. He is an *élève* of Johnny Beau's, and has not lost his time with him. His evil genius first took him to sea, where he got

all Jack's *insouciance*, and a deal of his inattention to worldly matters. He also imbibed, whilst among the tars of old England, all their generosity, truth to a brother, all their hospitality, warmth and kind heartedness ; so that he became what men call, and call truly, an uncommonly good fellow.

Returned from his nautical life, and as artless as Jack when off a cruise, he started in *auld Reikie*, where one of his patients (not of a difficult taste) fell in love with him ; and (sailor like) he married her, for charity, poor soul ! As soon as she got the naval surgeon noosed, she cast off every binding tie, and played the very devil ; going nightly on a roving commission, and commis-

sioning any one who took her fancy, to command her light bark. Bob was still too good, and too indulgent, to pay her off, but kept her in commission much longer than he ought; whilst she, often under false colours, and in other disguises, used to gallant about.

Honest Bob now became ashamed of her, and thought of cutting her adrift. However, having peccaninnies by her, he separated, behaving generously to her, and took the children at a venture. But this was no warning to his giddy partner, who still went on in her amours, until the exposure was too notorious to be put up with. He now was obliged to divorce her in form, which was as well, as she has provided

herself with a second family, as well as with a second partner.

Thus is a very worthy member of society, and a most excellent friend, neighbour, and husband, disappointed in all his views in life. Well had it been for him, if he had continued to plough the deep, and, as a bachelor, to box the compass a little longer. As a lecturer, he is rather inelegant; but what may be wanting in the *dulci* is amply made up in the *utile*; and, whatever be the manner of his lectures, the matter is deserving of the very highest possible claims to attention.

Whilst Lord Stone and Mr. Ponder were on their tour through the north, the former received a number of communications from Miss S—, who now returned to the name of B——r. She was not, as ladies very seldom are, niggardly in her epistolary intercourse with the peer: she had, as has been already remarked, the pen of a ready writer; she could dilate her feelings to great extent, and with much appearance of sensibility, on paper: she could seem whatever she pleased, in a letter. Gratitude, esteem, attachment, wounded pride, humility, penitence, meekness, and conversion, all glowed in every expression; and she had gained almost as much on his lordship's mind as she had formerly made progress

on his passions by the eye. He anxiously wished to serve her; and fondly persuaded himself that she might still look up to him for some few remaining years of comfort, and of respectability; for he had every reason to believe that she was now quite another being to what he had formerly known her; that repentance, a change of life, sad experience, the wholesome school of adversity, the absence of ambition, and the presence of humility, had operated an entire and a thorough change in her: whilst her wit, her talents, her engaging manners, and the attractions of her person, remained unimpaired: if so, she must still be a very charming woman: and the saving of such a being, who could be little in

nothing, but, on the contrary, must be either eminently excellent, or deeply base, would be an honorable achievement, a work worthy of a great and of a manly heart ; for it requires a bold, a gentle, and a glorious nature, to wade through blame, misery, disapproving friends, and censorious acquaintances, through malice, envy, misrepresentation, satire, exposure, and worldly ridicule, in order to snatch a lost female from the paths of vice and degradation, and to transplant the corrupted and fading flower into the gentle, temperate, and revivifying soil of kindly protection ; to foster the withering beauty in the bosom of friendship ; to water the improving plant with religious tears ; to mingle the tear of sympathy

with the tear of repentance; and to restore health, life, light, and honest existence to a sister, on whom the world's harsh and premature sentence of perdition had been sternly and irrevocably passed.

A man must have great strength of mind to bear out to the end such an heroic part; to act it in all situations, and under every disadvantage; and must be gifted with the broad impenetrable breast-plate of an approving conscience, to enable him to face the poisoned arrows of derision, folly, and malignity. Without, however, having a very strong mind, or a particularly stout heart, Lord Stone had conceived this plan, which he most carefully

and most studiously kept concealed from Mr. Ponder, who always feared that pity might lead to a tenderer feeling. He had often watched his young friend, and had frequently sounded him on this subject ; but Lord S—— had invariably dismissed the theme by blaming her ten times more than any one else — by exclaiming, shocking creature ! what a horrible affair of deceit ! and by similar expressions, which, at length, quite lulled his friend's mind into a perfect security on this head.

These stratagems are not unfrequent in the lover's mind, or rather in the mind of him who thinks that he does not love, who is determined not to love, who has been deeply inspired by be-

traying fair, yet as profoundly cherishes the latent and ill-concealed spark, who, turning his eyes away from the temptation, turns his heart towards it ; who struggles with his heart, and finds it always the strongest in every contest ; finally, who, consulting interest, and arguing about propriety, glides away from resolution, and fixes himself where passion leads him. The old nonsense ! shocking ! impossible ! not on any account ! et cetera, et cetera, are mere expressions of self deception, and mean less than nothing, if such a quantity can be found by the erudite and sapient mathematician.

In Miss B——r's letters to the peer, she gave her address at an elderly wo-

man's, who took in her letters, and where he flew the moment he arrived in London, assuring himself that his motive was pure benevolence, and a sort of curiosity to know how she was going on, a desire to be eye-witness to her reclamation, a wish to discover in what line it would be easiest and best to serve her, how she might be disposed of, and what she needed for her comforts, and for her establishment.

Her letters to him had, at the same time that they expressed the purest gratitude, breathed such warm feelings of regard as it was impossible to mistake ; and certainly, if Lord Stone was anxious to avoid a future connection, it was a dangerous experiment to make

this visit. He, notwithstanding, went to the address, and, on his road thither, a powerful conflict arose in his breast. Prudence said to him : “ Lord Stone, thou art a madman to go near her ; thou knowest full well her deceit and her attractions ; trust not thyself.” Self-conceit here whispered : “ what has a man of wisdom to fear ? Self-possession is the first lesson of philosophy : be calm, do good, but banish her from your confidence.” Credulity whispered : “ examine well ; watch her conduct ; be convinced of her repentance ; then triumph over worldliness ; rescue her from ruin, and make her your bride.” Said family pride, backed by vicious desire : “ make her your mistress ;” and just at this moment he arrived at the door.

The door was opened to him by an old woman in mourning of very decent appearance. Her sable garb was contrasted by her broad hemmed kerchief, and neat plain cap, the whiteness of which rivalled the driven snow, and gave, to age and gravity, the additional attraction of industry and cleanliness. The aged female had evidently seen better days, for she received and welcomed Lord Stone with a certain well-bred confidence and *usage du monde*, which bespoke something above humble origin, and common education. On entering her apartment, he observed the good taste and the neatness of the furniture, as well as the great order which reigned, although she kept no servant. The Bible lay open upon the

table before her ; and a number of engravings of scripture subjects adorned the walls of her room.

The Bible and the prints would have made more impression on his lordship, had he not seen that holy and venerable book ostentatiously open, and placed before a Scotch spider-brusher, on the sabbath day, who sat in this studied situation, awaiting impatiently the arrival of her sweetheart (probably to swear him in), at the same time that she could not read ; and had he not seen those highly respected prints, designed to awaken in a christian mind the deepest and most affecting sense of duty, impiously hung round walls where the impure fane of lust burned

continually, and where lucky (i. e. mother) M—— assembled her beaux and belles together, for the purpose of filling her own coffers, and for that of doing good to surgeons, doctors, men-midwives, and apothecaries.

Here, however, there were no appearances of profaning either the book of holy writ, or of disgracing the prints, which appeared to be suspended there for the most moral purposes. The whole of the old lady's deportment pleased the peer; and he soon learned that she was a relation of the *ci-devant soi-disant* Miss Stanhope, now Miss B——r. She gave her the most amiable character; assuring his lordship that she was ignorant of her trip to

Scotland, and of her wild adventures there ; and that, previous and subsequent to that period, she had ever been her support and her comfort. This was adding fuel to Lord S—'s flame ; and he was most anxious that his former favourite should make her appearance at that fortunate juncture. Had she arrived at that instant, it is difficult to say what would have been the consequence ; but more trials and disappointments were yet in store for him.

Many were the anxious inquiries which he made respecting her. How were her health and spirits ? The latter extremely low, but the former very good. How did she look ? Never better. Had she every thing which could

make her comfortable? Her retired life and self-denials made her independent; but happy she did not seem. Had she been long out? Not a minute. When would she return? The old lady could not tell. Was this her lodging? After hesitation—it was not. Where did she lodge? Where no gentleman visitor could be admitted. Was she often there? Every day. Might he call in the evening? He might, certainly.

With all this information, his lordship withdrew. He was now become more curious and anxious about her than ever. He actually longed to see her. Her defrauding the tradespeople, hoaxing the whole town of

Edinburgh, endeavouring, under false colors, to lure him into a marriage, her former faux pas, and guilty life—all fled from before his mind's eye, and he saw nothing but her beauty, her fascinations, her complying disposition, her preference for himself, of which he had never yet availed himself; her distresses, her present good conduct, and his own unconquerable predilection. He, in consequence, resolved not to lose sight of her, and return in the evening.

Arrived at his hotel, he took a hasty dinner, drank his bottle of wine, wrote apologies to disencumber himself of two engagements for that evening, ordered his carriage, and dismissing it at the corner of the old lady's street,

flew on the wings of love to the door. It was immediately opened ; but, to his great chagrin, he was informed that his *dulcinea* had been there, but was gone again, and that it was impossible for her to see him that evening ; but that she had left a letter for him, which he hastily, and with an altered countenance, opened. The old lady watched him anxiously during his perusal of it ; and when she observed his agitation, she smiled with an air of triumph, and of high satisfaction. The billet was on wove paper, gilt, and scented, but had no coronet on the seal : the impression was a bleeding heart ; the motto, *tou-jours pour vous*. As it met his eyes, it awakened all his tenderness, and it was easy enough for a studier of nature to

read the state of his affections. The letter was as follows :

My Lord,

I was ready to sink into the earth when I was informed of your more than kind visit in quest of me. Is it possible that your lordship should wish to behold one who must appear worse than little in your eyes? Can you bear the approach of her who had nearly deceived you into offending and dishonoring your noble name? Can you possibly forget the errors of one whose love and whose ambition have led her into the excess of presumption, which has exiled her from her native land, and degraded her below the rank of virtuous and honorable society?

Or is it your desire to triumph over my penitence ; to behold the prostration of her who must throw herself at your feet, being unworthy of any other place in your presence. If I must submit to this, I will : I owe it to gratitude, and to your many virtues. Please to leave a line with my aged relative, to say if you really do wish to see me, or if your visit was prompted by mere weakness or curiosity. I spend this evening with a clergyman and his lady, who are anxious to reclaim me, and are amused with my society. To-morrow I will meet you, if I receive your commands to that effect. In the interim, and always, I remain,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most respectful

And most faithful slave and servant

More intoxicated with this letter than with the wine he had drank, he threw himself into an arm chair, tossed and tumbled, and (*entre nous*, worthy reader) made a fool of himself, offered money to send after her, entreated the old woman to tell him how, where, when he could see her that very night, for he could positively wait no longer. However, as the aged relative could not inform him where the clergyman lived, and as she never received visitors at a late hour, the thing was morally impracticable that evening.

He had now sent away his carriage, had put off his engagements, and knew not how to dispose of himself until the irksome hour of retiring to bed, for rest

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My Lord,

Your lordship's most respectful

And grateful slave and servant.

More intoxicated with this letter than with the wine he had drank, he threw himself into an arm chair, tossed and tumbled, and (*entre nous*, worthy reader) made a fool of himself, offered money to send after her, entreated the old woman to tell him how, where, when he could see her that very night, for he could positively wait no longer. However, as the aged relative could not inform him where the clergyman lived, and as she never received visitors at a late hour, the thing was morally impracticable that evening.

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he expected not. A hackney coach was then sent for : it was too early for the club-house ; it was too late for a visit ; every body was at their dessert. What was to be done ? He drove to the Mount to take coffee ; he turned over all the newspapers, without reading one ; wrote four letters to the fair one ; blotted, blurred them ; began them at the wrong end, and then tore them, and threw them into the fire.

At last he resolved to look in at the play, and then to call at the *savoir-vivre* ; thus to beguile time, and to diminish the immense space betwixt this day and the morrow, which was to bring on the long-wished-for and very imprudent meeting. He entered the thea-

tre with the air of a man uninterested with the performance, and merely come there to get rid of himself. He went into the back row of the stage box, took up his opera glass, and saw a number of his friends in the Prince's box, who were afterwards going to one of the parties to which he had sent his apology. He accordingly shifted his birth. He was now placed in a side box, within two of Mr. Ponder: he left that again, and shifted into the back of a front box. From hence, looking round him through his glass, in all directions, he espied a female in the upper boxes very much resembling Miss B——r. But the thing appeared impossible: he put down his glass, and

thought no more about it: he sighed, and thought—he knew not what.

A forward cyprian approached him, asked him some unmeaning questions, some prefatory inquiries; for this was only, like the *tirailleurs* of the army, the advanced skirmish, which was to be a diversion before the grand attack. She begged his pardon, but what o'clock was it? Was this the last act of the play or not? Extremely warm! She dropped her handkerchief; and attempted half to pick it up. How much obliged; sorry to trouble him; had no idea that it was so late; she must have dined at seven o'clock, and her friend (what a general term! how loosely ap-

plied ! how circumscribed in existence ! how mistaken in nature ! how profaned ! how misnamed. What man can boast of one friend ?) must have been out of patience in waiting for her ; but it could not be helped ; and he was a jealous, ill-natured, suspicious creature.

This was all very pretty ; but it was very old. This hacknied chime of *belle's* tongues had been too often rung in his ear to have any effect. He again moved his position, and went to the upper boxes. He again beheld the striking likeness of her whom he had sought so ardently and so unsuccessfully. She was seated by an elderly ignoble looking man, having, however, rings on every finger, a splendid diamond in

his frill, seals, chains, and other appendages of value. He was making fierce and awkward court to her, and she was hanging on his every word. She averted her regards from him, i. e.—she affectedly turned her head aside. That gesture resembled her! She elevated her eyebrows, giving, at the same time, a sportive and a beautiful expansion to her eyes. That was like her! He put his huge vulgar calculating head close to her, in order to whisper: she shifted her position, shook her head gently, and smiled. Very like her! He was more earnest in conversation: she looked downcast, mild, patient, and modestly attentive. Uncommonly similar! He looked affectedly cunning, or rather blackguardly bold, and seemed

as if talking warmly, freely, and indelicately to her. She turned from him with a smile in her eye, a dimple in her cheek, an increased flush, an arch air of not understanding, and she appeared as if directing her attention elsewhere. She leaned over the box, played with her opera glass, and cast a glance everywhere but at him. That staggered him: it was her very air, her very look, her very habit! The strange looking animal engaged her anew: he spoke seriously, laid his hand on his heart; seemed as if taking an order, or a mercantile engagement, or as if making fair promises in a bargain, in which he was much interested. She now put her finger to her lips; motioned him not to draw the curious eye on them;

shook her head, as if dubious ; leaned gently towards him ; and, with half opened lips, warm tint, sparkling eye, and eagerly attentive ear, bent her beautifully formed neck, and well turned shoulders, with the view of encreasing admiration, and of considering the nature of the flattering proposal : she gave, or seemed to give, all her mind to the whisperer of soft nonsense, or to the offerer of treasure in exchange for beauty. This was overcoming. Could it be her ? He went to the very box in which she sat ; he heard her well-studied fashionable laugh. It must be her ! He entered the box—it was her !

Never were surprise, disappointment, disgust, and agony, more dreadfully

combined. At one moment he thought of giving her a disdainful look, and of withdrawing ; at another, he meditated tearing her from her Philander, and of making quality triumph over mean origin ; at a third, of interesting, touching, melting her ; and he despaired not of seeing her faint in his receiving arms : but the deliberation occupied a few seconds ; the box door was half open, and the first sounds which rung upon his ear, were : “ shut the box door.” The accents flowed gently, but resolutely, from the fair who had so enslaved his heart. He insisted ; he opened the door wider ; and with a firmer step, entered the box. “ Shut the door, Sir,” proudly and insolently exclaimed the person seated by her side. “ To

whom do you address that order?" said the peer, with a look that transfixed the counter-buck. "To the box-keeper, Sir," humbly answered he. "I beg your pardon: and as you are the gentleman anxious for a place, it is very much at your service." The peer was in a humour to prefer resistance to acquiescence, and to provoke a fight. He smiled contempt; whilst *Mademoiselle* cast a glance of reproach on her gallant, which seemed to say—how tame, how little, how cowardly!

My lord now occupied the same box, and, stretching his neck towards the lady, in a very emphatical tone of voice, said, "Madam, (measured out into two syllables) can I believe my eyes?"

Is it you?" she called up a look; she nerved herself; she smoothed her brow; and, assuming a disdainful air of astonishment; answered, "Sir, I am not conscious of ever having seen you before! To whom have I the honor of speaking?" "To Lord Stone," replied he, in an altered and faltering tone of voice. "A name," coolly observed she, "that I never saw out of the Court Calendar in my life! Your lordship is in an error; or you are pleased to quiz; but you have perfectly mistaken the object." Here the *beau* moved, as if to make room for the great man: whilst she played with her opera glass, and appeared to hold them both extremely indifferent and cheap. Lord Stone only added, "Madam, we

were once known ; but your memory is as treacherous as your heart. This ingratitude will be a most saving concern to me : fare you well !” and he withdrew, grinning hatred and despair, whilst she burst into a fit of laughter, and swore to her companion that she had never seen the man before in her life ; but advised him to take no notice, as the man was evidently deranged ; and that she had heard of men shooting women, who had taken their fancy, and who declined any further acquaintance ; nay, sometimes, they shot their imagined rival.” Here Monsieur looked alarmed, and observed, that it was certainly, by far, most prudent not to meddle with him.

Lord Stone now went to the lobby, and feed and questioned one of the veteran orange women, who are walking almanacks of cyprian transactions, regular registers of names, and of addresses, and who will give you as many anecdotes as you choose to listen to, and to pay for. From this obliging, experienced informer, he learned that the lady was a sly cyprian, not gazetted or enrolled with the corps, but who would just do like her neighbours, if it was made worth her while. Nobody knew where she lived ; and she gave it out that she was protected by a certain Lord Stone ; but she was very fanciful, and did not like him !

This was a stroke of thunder to the

peer. "D——n her!" cried he, in a violent passion; and swung out of the house. "By my honesty," exclaimed the fruit woman, "I'll lay ten pounds that that *ere* man is Lord Stone himself!" "You might as well have sworn by your modesty," observed a half-price city *beau*; "and as for the wager, post the call, old lady, I say, ha! ha! ha!" These were the last sounds which struck his lordship's ear.

From this moment Lord Stone has never recovered his good opinion of women. Deceit and woman he considers as synonymous terms: trust, he imagines, can never be safely reposed in that soft seductive sex; and every crime which guilty man commits ap-

pears fair to him, compared with female ingratitude. Often, in gloomy mood, does he stride across his study with elongated step ; and, lost in bitter reflection, exclaim, in the language of ~~the~~ immortal Shakespeare :

Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

THE END.

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